

HARRY WHARTON & CO., HONoured GUESTS IN CHINA! Thrilling Schoolboy
Adventure Yarn Inside!

The **MAGNET** 2^d
VERY SATURDAY.



GIFTS FOR GREYFRIARS GUESTS!

DON'T KNOCK!—



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Here your Editor is pleased to answer questions and discuss topics of general interest. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

A VERY interesting letter this week comes from J. H., a Huddersfield reader, who has taken the MAGNET for the last two years, and tells me he has not missed a copy—and does not intend to miss one! I have made a note of the kind of stories he likes best, and can assure him that I will bear them in mind.

He asks me to give him a few hints on home photography. The best hint I can give him in this direction is to go to his local photographic dealer and ask him for a handbook on the subject. It would take up a great deal of my space to explain everything that he ought to know if he aspires to do really good work at home, and most of the big photographic firms publish handbooks which explain everything for the amateur. Some of these handbooks are free, and the dealers who sell the necessary articles are only too pleased to help their customers by giving them a booklet. Other books of hints are obtainable for a few pence, and these also give a complete list of the required chemicals together with the prices of them.

Photography is

A REALLY INTERESTING HOBBY,

but my chum should not forget that the actual taking of the photograph is even more important than the developing. Never let the sun shine on the lens, and don't try to take snapshots in shady woods, or in the house, late in the evening. "Time" exposures should be set for such photographs, and a tripod or a stand should be used. When pressing the shutter lever, do it smoothly and slowly, to avoid shaking the camera—especially with a box-form camera. Don't get too close to your subject unless your camera is fitted with a portrait attachment. When taking snapshots, if your shutter has various speeds marked on it, you should generally use 1/25. At the seaside, in sunny weather, use 1/50 or 1/100.

By the way, if you are any good at photography, you can

MAKE MONEY WITH YOUR CAMERA in several ways. The majority of newspapers are always ready to buy really good photographs of any out-of-the-ordinary scene which you might "snap," and, in addition to the money-prize competitions which are held by some journals, many of the ordinary photographic firms will purchase good photographs which have been taken by their cameras, or developed by means of their chemicals. Particulars can be obtained from any dealer.

THE next letter this week comes from Arthur Ward, of Haverton Hill, who asks for information on how to become a butcher.

Like all other trades, there is a great deal to be learned in butchering, and this

chum should call on the best butchers in his neighbourhood and ask if they would be willing to take him as a "learner" or apprentice. There are two kinds of butchers: those who buy their animals, kill them, cut them up, and supply the smaller butchers; and the small butchers who buy the meat and simply retail it. Therefore my chum should decide which branch he wishes to enter. If it is the first, he must write to the big wholesale firms; but if he merely wishes to become a retailer, he should call upon a local butcher and see if he can get a situation. As he lives near Stockton and Middlesbrough he has a better chance of getting a situation in one of those towns.

While I have a "breather" read this amusing joke, for which Frank Todd, of 38, Merlin Crescent, Town Hill, Swansea, Glam., has been awarded one of our dandy pocket knives:

Professor: "What is the quickest way to produce sawdust?"
Student: "Why, or—"
Professor: "Come, come man, use your head—use your head!"

Having got that over, I'd just like to give you

A WORD OF WARNING

here, chums. Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day. Make a point right now of ordering your Annual for Christmas. Here are two real good bargain books you can choose from: first "The Holiday Annual," containing tip-top stories of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars; Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's; Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rockwood; magnificent photographs and colour plates, tricks, puzzles and many other fine features, published at 6s. And second: "The Popular Book of Boys' Stories," a veritable budget of healthy adventure yarns on land and sea—published at the bargain price of 2s. 6d. Order one or both of these record-breaking Annuals now and I can assure you that you'll be more than satisfied with your purchase.

A SCOTTISH reader writes to me to ask for some information about

WHISTLING TREES!

My chum will have to go to the Sudan if he wants to listen to these! A certain insect deposits its larvæ inside the trees, and causes them to swell out with little bladders. Eventually the insect crawls out of this, leaving a thorn-like shoot, and

the wind, as it blows, plays upon these and produces a whistling sound, which is very much like a flute!

Trees are really very peculiar things. For instance, would you believe that there is a tree in South America which actually produces milk? It's a fact! This peculiar tree grows upon rocks, and for several months of the year not a single shower falls on it. It appears to be dead and dried, and yet, when the trunk is pierced a sweet and nourishing milk flows from it, which is gathered by the natives for themselves and their children!

While we are on about curious phenomena, here is a "yarn" that takes some believing—but it is vouched for by an American scientific institute:

HAILSTONES AS BIG AS ELEPHANTS fell at Seringapatam, India, in the year 1870! Takes some swallowing, doesn't it—but listen a minute:

Red, white and blue hailstones fell in Russia in the year 1880, and:

Black rain fell in Ireland in the year 1849!

And scientists who investigated these things say they are true—so there you are!

By the way, any reader who would like an early reply to his query should send a stamped, addressed envelope with his letter, and I will do my best to let him have the information he requires by return of post.

Now we come to a clever Greyfriars limerick which has been submitted by K. W. Jones, of 93, Burman Road, Shirley, near Birmingham, who, incidentally, carries off one of our useful pocket wallets for it:

Our Goker is good for a fight,
With his fists he hits out with might.
But when he's in class,
He's naught but an ass,
And turns his Form master's hair white!

NOW we'll have a look at the Black Book. The Greyfriars yarn, which I have in store for you next week, is a real corker, and Frank Richards has let himself go in

"THE MANDARIN'S VENGEANCE!"

which has more laughs and thrills to the square inch than any yarn I've read for a long time. Frank Richards is really an expert "mixer," and the way he has mixed his ingredients for this story will win him even more laurels than he already possesses.

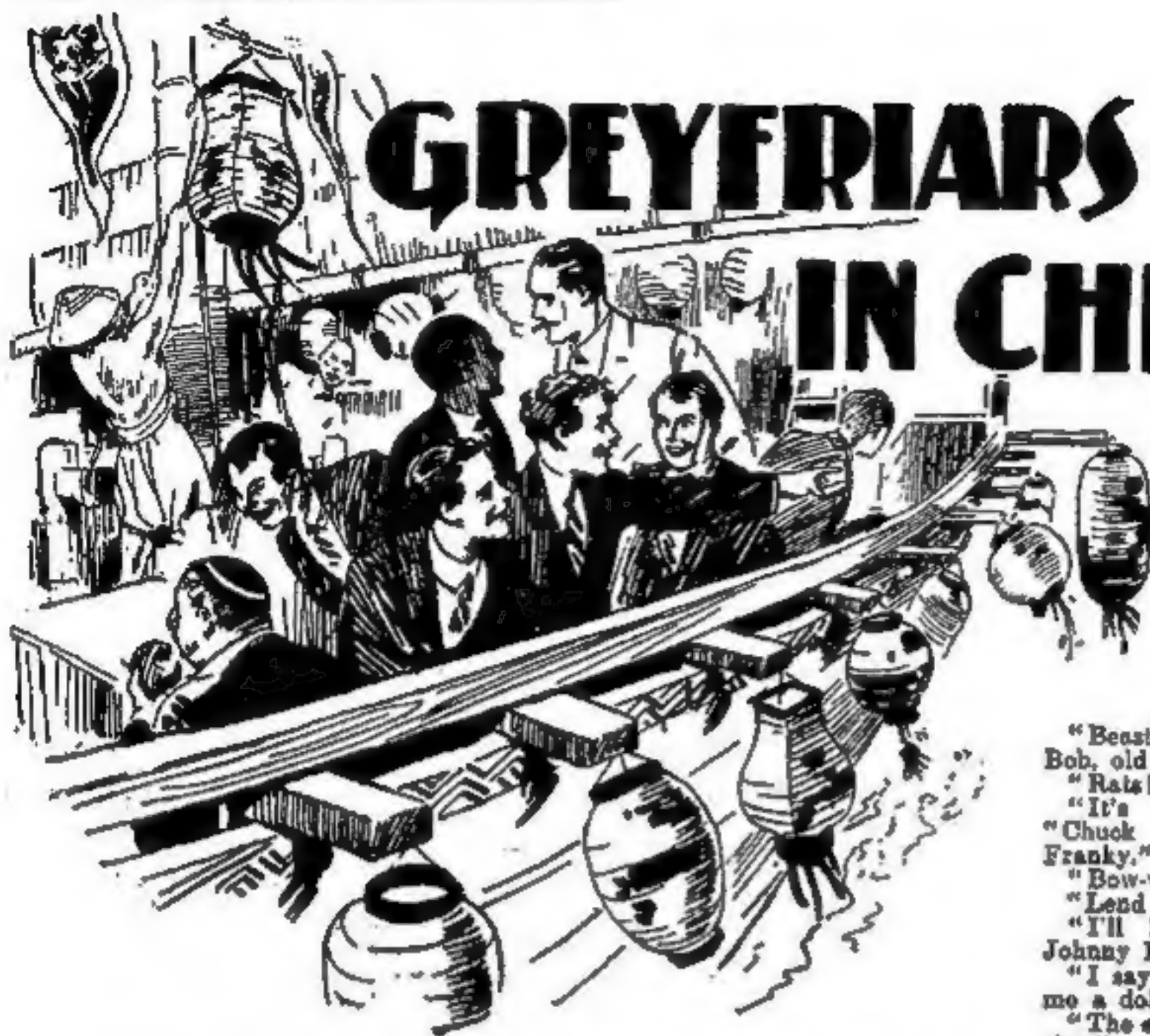
I've already made mention of the topping football serial John Brearley is writing for us: "UP, THE ROVERS!" This new yarn is calculated even to beat this great author's previous masterpiece: "The Test Match Hope!" and the opening instalment which will appear in next week's MAGNET is guaranteed to hold your interest from the very first chapter.

Added to these fine features, there is the usual two-page "Greyfriars Herald" supplement, which is bound to make you laugh until your sides ache, and our shorter features—by the Greyfriars rhymester and "Old Rel," the human "footer" encyclopedia.

Do you remember the old saying: "If you know of a better hole go to it!" Well, if you know of a better mag than the MAGNET—go to it. But I know you don't!

YOUR EDITOR.

Now's the Time! Send along your Joke or your Greyfriars Limerick—or both—and win our useful prizes of leather pocket wallets and Sheffield steel penknives. All efforts to be sent to: c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).



GREYFRIARS CHUMS IN CHINA!

Another
**FRANK
RICHARDS**
Thriller.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bumps For Bunter!

"**H**ERE he comes!"
"Bunter!"
"Bag him as soon as he gets on board," said Cherry, "and jolly well bump him!"
"Yes, rather!"

The sun was setting over the great harbour of Hong Kong. Already lights were beginning to twinkle among the dark greenery of the Peak.

Harry Wharton & Co., leaning on the rail of the yacht *Silver Star*, at anchor in the roadstead, watched a sampan gliding out across the glimmering water. In the sampan sat Billy Bunter.

The fat countenance of William George Bunter wore a grin of cheery satisfaction. But the Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove did not grin; they frowned.

Billy Bunter had had an afternoon ashore, without leave! Ferrers Locke had left the yacht, with strict injunctions to the juniors to remain aboard until he returned. Billy Bunter had cheerfully disregarded those instructions. Locke had not yet returned; but here was Bunter coming back in a state of fat and happy satisfaction. And the Famous Five waited for him to arrive, to tell him what they thought of him, and to signify the same in the usual way.

"The fat villain!" said Harry Wharton.

"The frabjous ass!" said Frank Nugent.

"I'm glad he's back safe!" said the captain of the *Remove*. "But we'll jolly well give him a lesson about going ashore without leave."

"The lessonfulness will be truly terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

It was a spot of glaring red that had first attracted the eyes of the juniors to the sampan. They had wondered what it was. As the boat drew nearer they recognised Billy Bunter, with a gorgeous crimson cummerbund circling his extensive equator. Bunter had evidently been doing some shopping in Hong Kong. Bunter's taste in colour ran to the gorgeous and gaudy. But in that cummerbund the Owl of the *Remove* had really excelled himself. It rivalled the red glow of the sun sinking behind the hills of China.

The sampan drew nearer. Bunter's big spectacles flashing back the last rays of the setting sun.

He waved a fat hand to the row of juniors at the rail.

They frowned, but they could hardly

China—the land of mystery, intrigues, uprisings, pirates, bandits, peace and industry—
China, the fascinating, eternal enigma!

help grinning. Bunter in that cummerbund, on a closer inspection, was almost too much for them.

"The howling ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"Fatter ole Bunter velly funner!" murmured Wun Lung, with his soft chuckle. "Fatter ole Bunter too much funner."

"I say, you fellows." Billy Bunter stood up in the sampan as it glided under the rail. "Here we are again! You been roosting on the yacht all the while I've been ashore? He, he, he! You're rather fatheads, aren't you?"

The fat junior heaved his weight up the accommodation ladder. He grunted as he landed on deck.

"I say, Wharton! Pay the boatmen, will you?"

"No."

"Beast! Pay those beastly Chinese, Bob, old man."

"Rats!"

"It's only a dollar," said Bunter. "Chuck those beggars a dollar, Franky."

"Bow-wow!"

"Lend me a dollar, Johnny."

"I'll lend you a boot!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I say, Inky, are you going to lend me a dollar?"

"The answer is in the esteemed negative."

"Yah! I say, Wun Lung——"

"No lendee doller," said the Chinese junior. "Why fatter old Bunter no payco?"

Bunter grunted.

"Well, I don't want to waste money on these beastly heathens," he said. "But if you fellows are going to be mean——"

"We are!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

Bunter extracted one of his own dollars and tossed it into the sampan. He watched it regretfully as it went. Bunter's supply of cash was running short. It had not been renewed since the Famous Five had lent him quite a handsome sum at Folkestone, in the belief that they were parting with Bunter for a long time. They had not parted with Bunter, however. Bunter was not so easily parted with.

There were two Chinese boatmen in the sampan. One of them collected the silver dollar. Both of them looked expressively up at Bunter.

Perhaps they had expected something in the way of a tip. But expectations of that sort were quite futile where William George Bunter was concerned.

Had Bunter tipped them an extra dollar or two they would have kowtowed with great respect, and wished him a long life and happiness, a dozen wives and five hundred sons. As it was, they made remarks in Chinese which Bunter did not understand, but which did not seem expressive of gratitude or goodwill.

"What are they saying, Wun Lung?" asked Bunter. "I suppose you can understand that idiotic jabber, as it's your own silly language. Are they thanking me?"

Wun Lung grinned.

"No tankes Bunter," he answered.

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"Boatee man say you vely ugly foleign devil. Wishee big shark eatee you all up, and tinee you makee shark sickce."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Checky rotters!" said Bunter indignantly. "I wish I hadn't paid them now! I don't believe in pampering these heathens. Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at, you fellows. Tell them to clear off."

The sampan men did not seem in a hurry to clear off. They seemed to have more to say to Bunter. But one of the yacht's crew tossed chunks of coal at them, and they pushed off and departed.

Then the Famous Five surrounded Bunter.

"Now, you fat villain!" said Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows, no larks! I've come back hungry! I——"

"You dodged us, and went ashore without leave," said Wharton. "You might have caused a lot of trouble, as you did at Singapore. If Mr. Locke had come back and found you gone——"

Bunter sniffed.

"Locke never would come back at all if I hadn't gone ashore," he said.

"Eh?"

"You see, I've saved his life——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Rescued him, you know, at the risk of my life," said Bunter. "That yellow villain, Tang Wang, had him, and I rushed to the rescue and saved him. Lucky for him I went ashore, wasn't it? You fellows couldn't have done it. I was the right man in the right place, as usual."

The chums of Greyfriars stared at Bunter.

He had almost taken their breath away.

"You fat, irabjous fooler!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Do you think we are going to swallow that?"

"I suppose you can take my word!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Locke will tell you all about it when he comes back," said Bunter. "I've had a terrific time, you men. Fighting scores of savage Chinese——"

"Oh scissers!"

"Knocking them right and left!" said Bunter. "You should have seen me—a man down at every blow! You fellows would have been scared! Not me! Lucky for Locke I wasn't! I felled them right and left. Some of them I left for dead! They had swords and daggers and guns—I had my fists! But a pair of good British fists did the trick! Of course, it needed pluck. But that's where I came out strong!"

"Ye gods!" gasped Bob.

"You—you—you fat irabjous fibber!" roared Wharton. "Do you think we're believing a word of it?"

"You see, it's true——"

"Collar him!"

"Bag him!"

"Yaroooooh! I say, you fellows, leggo! I tell you—groogh—I keep on telling you—ow—I shaved his wife—I mean, I saved his life—ow!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter sat down on the deck of the Silver Star with a concussion that almost shook the yacht. His roar floated over the waters of Hong Kong harbour as far as Kowloon.

"Whoop!"

"Give him another!"

"I say, you fellows——"

Bump!

"Yooop! I say—yaroooooh! I say—help!"

Bump!

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"There!" gasped Bob. "That will do—the deck won't stand any more!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"But if you go ashore again without leave——"

"Yow—ow—ow—ow!"

"We'll burst you——"

"Yow-ow! Beasts! I tell you I shaved—saved Ferrers Locke! Saved his life—ow——"

"Give him another for his whoppers!"

Bump!

"Yooooooooooooooooop!"

Billy Bunter sat and roared. And the chums of the Remove, having administered stern justice, left him to roar.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Amazing!

HUNDREDS of sampans, moored along the shore, glimmered with lighted lanterns. Lanterns swung on the sampans that glided across the harbour under the stars. There were myriads of lanterns, of all shapes and sizes and colours. In the dusky night, China seemed to the Greyfriars juniors a land of lanterns. It was a fairy-like scene.

But Harry Wharton & Co., as they lounged by the rail, were getting worried by Ferrers Locke's prolonged absence. Dinner had been served in the saloon at the usual time, and Billy Bunter was still at it, long after the other fellows had finished. His adventures in Hong Kong, and his bumping on the Silver Star, had not affected Bunter's appetite. Several dinners had been packed away into his capacious interior, and he was still going strong. On the calm waters of Hong Kong harbour, there was no danger of seasickness; and so Bunter saw no reason why he should not load to capacity. And he proceeded so to do.

The chums of the Remove, gazing at the fairy-like scene across the starry waters, were thinking of Ferrers Locke.

He had gone ashore that morning, to communicate with Mr. Wun Chung Lung, the father of Wun Lung of the Remove, to tell the Chinese merchant that his son had arrived safely at Hong Kong. No word had come from him; and though the juniors did not think of disobeying his instructions, they were getting a little tired of being cooped up on the yacht in the harbour. They could not take french leave as Bunter had done; but they would have enjoyed a ramble in Hong Kong and up the steep sides of the Peak.

But what worried them chiefly was the doubt that Ferrers Locke might have met with some mischance. The Mandarin Tang Wang was in Hong Kong; they had seen him watching the yacht from a sampan, when they came in from the China Sea; and it was likely enough that there were many members in Hong Kong of the "tong," of which Tang Wang was the chief. Had something happened to Ferrers Locke?

Bunter could have given them news—indeed, was eager to do so. But they did not think of listening to Bunter. The fat junior's claim to have saved Ferrers Locke's life in Hong Kong seemed to them an even steeper yarn than most of Bunter's yarns; and they declined to hear details. So they watched the shore and waited anxiously.

Mr. Green, the mate, had returned on board; but he had nothing to tell them of Ferrers Locke. They wondered and began to worry a little.

"That rotter Tang Wang was very likely looking for a chance at him," said Bob Cherry. "I wonder——"

"Mr. Locke knows how to take care of himself!" said Nugent. "And Hong Kong is a British city."

"Plenty of Chinese in it, though," said Bob. "I know that he never expected to be away all day."

"Mayn't have got in touch with Wun Lung's pater yet," remarked Johnny Bull. "Do you think your pater's in Hong Kong, kid?"

"No tinee! Me tinee fathoe along Canton."

"How far is that up the river—what do you call it? Che—chu—cho—what?" asked Bob.

Wun Lung grinned.

"Che-kiang!" he said. "What you call Canton river. Canton ninety miles up from Hong Kong."

"I say, you fellows——"

Bunter had finished eating. He rolled on deck with some little difficulty. He had packed away the foodstuffs not wisely but too well.

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"I can tell you——"

"More whoppers!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Do you want to be bumped again?"

"Beast! I tell you I saw Locke in Hong Kong to-day."

"Rats!"

"Tang Wang had bagged him——"

"Boosh!"

"I rescued him——"

"Fathead!"

"After that——" continued Bunter.

"After that you woke up?" asked Bob.

"Beast! After that, he took me to the pier to take a sampan back to the yacht, and he went after Tang Wang. I bet he's hunting for him now. You see, being in Hong Kong, the mandarin can be collared for bagging Locke, under the British flag—he would have been killed if I hadn't rescued him——"

"Doesn't he roll it out as if it was true?" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Doesn't he beat Ananias and George Washington at their own game?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! It's all true! I tell you——"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What's the good of spinning a silly yarn like that, when Mr. Locke will be back presently, to prove that you've been fibbing?"

"But I ain't fibbing!" howled Bunter, almost desperately. "I'm telling the truth, you beast."

"You couldn't if you tried."

"Not that he's ever tried!" said Johnny Bull.

"I tell you——" roared Bunter.

"Oh, dry up!"

Billy Bunter snorted with indignation. It was hard lines not to be believed on the rare occasions when he told the truth. Bunter was rather in the position of the boy in the story who cried "Wolf!" so often when there was no wolf, that nobody believed him when the wolf really came. For once, marvellous to relate, Bunter was telling the truth! And he found no believers.

"You'll believe me when Locke comes back and tells you it's true, you beasts!" he growled.

"When?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"The whenfulness will be terrific."

"Buntsee tellee plenty big whoppes!" remarked Wun Lung. "Buntsee no can tellee thuth."

"You checky heathen! I tell you I got into Tang Wang's garden on the Peak, and there was Locke, and I saved him——"

"Fathead!"



"My hat!" said Johnny Bull, surveying Bunter's cummerbund. "Are you going to wear that awful thing?" "For goodness' sake give a fellow a rest!" snapped the fat Removite. "Anybody would think it's my fault I'm so uncommonly good-looking!"

"They'd sunk him in the lake up to his neck, and left him to drown," said Bunter. "I saved his life—"

"Pile it on!"

"It's true!" shrieked Bunter.

"How many Chinese did you kill with terrific right-handers?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Well, I don't know that I actually killed any," said Bunter cautiously. "But I knocked them right and left—gigantic ruffians—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" yelled Bunter. "But if you'd seen those Chinese bandits going down like ninepins—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the juniors. The mental picture of gigantic Chinese bandits, going down under Billy Bunter's fat fists, was too much for them. They shrieked.

"Beasts! I tell you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, fan me, somebody!" gasped Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "Bunter will be the death of me some day! I know he will!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the deep dusk a sampan glided alongside the yacht. A lean, native figure stepped lightly on board, while the yacht was ringing with the merry laughter of the Greyfriars juniors.

"You seem to be highly amused about something, my boys!" said a quiet voice.

Harry Wharton & Co. spun round. It was Ferrers Locke! The Baker Street detective looked at them with a smiling face.

"Oh, you've come back, sir!" said Harry. "I'm jolly glad to see you again. We were beginning to think that something must have happened to you."

"Something very nearly did," said

Locke quietly. "But has not Bunter told you?"

"Bunter?" repeated the Famous Five.

"The beasts won't believe me!" wailed Bunter. "I've told them all about it, and they make out that I'm spinning a yarn."

"Bunter's been telling us one of his tall stories, Mr. Locke," said Bob. "He makes out that he saved your life in Hong Kong. Of course, we didn't believe a word of it."

"I can hardly blame you," said Locke, with a laugh. "Nevertheless, it happens to be true."

"True!" yelled the juniors.

"Quite!"

"Bunter knocked down Chinese bandits right and left?" gasped Bob.

"What? Certainly not. If Bunter has been telling you any such nonsense, no wonder you did not believe him."

"Oh, really, you know—"

"But—but what happened, then?" asked Wharton in amazement. "Of course, we didn't believe a single word Bunter said—"

"Beast!"

"Naturally," assented Locke. "But there was a grain of truth in the chaff. I went to Mr. Wun Chung Lung's 'hong,' and his chief clerk, Pong, led me into a trap. He was a secret member of the Red Dragon tong, as I learned later. I was made a prisoner by the Mandarin Tang Wang."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I was sunk in the lake in his garden, and left with the water up to my chin," said Ferrers Locke quietly. "That was a form of torture to force me to send a message on board for Wun Lung to come ashore, to place him in the power of his enemy. Needless to say, I should never have sent the message, but I should have perished in the lake when

I could no longer hold my head above water, but for—"

"Bunter?" gasped the juniors.

"Yes!"

"Great pip!" said Bob Cherry dazedly. "What was it said the age of miracles was past?"

"Oh, really, you beast—"

"Bunter, it seems, had landed in some foolish trouble with a set of coolies, and running away from them he dodged into a Chinese garden, and hid there in a pagoda," said Locke. "By a fortunate chance it was Tang Wang's garden, and Bunter saw me in the lake after the scoundrel had left me there to die. He released me—"

"There wasn't any scrapping?"

"Not at all."

"No gigantic bandits knocked right and left—"

Ferrers Locke laughed.

"Nothing of the kind! We returned to Hong Kong together on a cable car, and I sent Bunter aboard while I went to the police. Tang Wang's house is now in possession of the Hong Kong police; but as I rather anticipated, the mandarin had fled in time, and he has escaped. The rascal, Pong, however, has been taken—the first member of the Red Dragon tong to fall into the hands of justice. That is why I have been delayed so long in returning. I supposed Bunter had told you—"

"Well, he did!" admitted Wharton. "But, of course, we thought it was all gammon."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"I am under some difficulty in dealing with Bunter," said Ferrers Locke. "He might have caused great trouble by disobeying orders and going ashore; but as it turned out it was very fortunate for me. That, however, does not excuse Bunter."

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"Oh, really, Mr. Locke!" ejaculated the Owl of the Remove. He blinked at the Baker Street detective in surprise and indignation. Bunter's view was that he had covered himself with glory.

"Considering how the matter ended, I can say nothing more on that subject," said Locke. "Bunter certainly ran some risk in releasing me—he delayed his own flight for a full five minutes, and every minute might have cost him his life."

"Great pip!" said Bob.

The juniors stared at Bunter.

Bunter smirked.

He was getting justice at last! He felt like the king coming into his own again.

Johnny Bull, however, gave a grunt.

"I suppose even Bunter couldn't scoot off and leave you to it, sir!" he remarked. "No fellow would have."

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Quite so!" agreed Ferrers Locke. "Nevertheless, every minute that Bunter remained in Tang Wang's garden was fraught with terrible danger, for he certainly would have been killed had he been caught while releasing me. Bunter showed a courage that I hardly expected of him—"

"Oh, really, Mr. Locke!"

"I cannot, therefore, say anything further about your foolish and thoughtless disobedience, Bunter, in the circumstances. But you must not let it occur again."

With a nod to the juniors Ferrers Locke went below.

Bunter blinked vauntingly at the Famous Five.

"Well, what have you got to say now?" he demanded.

The Famous Five had nothing to

say. They could only stare at the fat junior.

"Locke doesn't seem very grateful!" said Bunter. "Still, I'm accustomed to ingratitude. You fellows have never thanked me for all that I've done for you. Still, I suppose you'll owe up now that I saved Locke's life—and set you fellows an example of pluck and wonderful presence of mind—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I'm not the fellow to brag," went on Bunter.

"Eh?"

"But I think you will admit now that when it comes to sheer pluck, I'm the man!" said Bunter.

"Oh!"

"Which of you fellows would have done what I did?" demanded Bunter. "I ask you!"

"Any one of us," grunted Johnny Bull, "and without gassing about it afterwards."

Bunter gave a fat sneer.

"That's the sort of thing I expect from you fellows," he said. "You loit about the ship like a lot of dummies, while I rush into fearful perils and save lives! Well, when you've got as much pluck among the lot of you as I've got in my little finger, you'll do."

"Oh crumbs!"

"I don't want any more of your rotten, carping jealousy," said Bunter severely. "Now that I've proved that I'm the only fellow here with real pluck, the best thing you fellows can do, is to take me as an example. Keep your eye on me, and do as I do. Try to live up to me! Try to be worthy of my friendship! That's my advice to you."

And Bunter rolled away, leaving the chums of the Remove gasping.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter in All His Glory!

THE next morning Billy Bunter was going strong. Bunter had, for once in his fat career, done a thing that was not discreditable, that was, in fact, quite creditable.

Stripped of all Bunter's fatuous exaggerations, the story really was to his credit.

There was no doubt that while he was in the mandarin's garden on the Peak, the fat Owl had been in a state of palpitating fear; yet in spite of his terrors he had delayed his flight to release Ferrers Locke from the lake, from almost certain death.

Any of the other fellows, certainly, would have done it, and without considering that they had done anything out of the common. But it really was something very much out of the common for Bunter.

Johnny Bull prophesied that Bunter would spread himself now, and that there would be no holding him.

Johnny Bull was right!

The other fellows thought that Bunter had acted decently for once; but Bunter's own view was far more magnificent than that.

Bunter was blessed with a powerful and vivid imagination; and he had the happy gift of believing, more or less, in his own fertile fancies.

He forgot his palpitating funk in the mandarin's garden. He forgot that there had been no enemy in sight when he emerged from his hiding-place and released Ferrers Locke. He forgot, in fact, everything that was not happy and glorious. On the other hand, he remembered many thrilling circumstances that had never occurred.

Like the little peach in the orchard, Bunter's exploit grew and grew and grew.

At breakfast he told the juniors about it all over again. By that time it had grown almost out of recognition, like Jack's celebrated beanstalk.

It appeared, now, that when Bunter had gone ashore without leave the previous day, he had gone especially and explicitly to rescue Ferrers Locke. He had suspected how matters stood, and gone single-handed to the rescue. He had not dodged into the mandarin's garden to escape from a gang of angry coolies. He had gone there, with iron nerve, to face fearful perils for Mr. Locke's sake. Whether Bunter was really able to perform the mental gymnastics necessary for believing this, was not clear; but he evidently expected the other fellows to believe it. Any doubt on the subject he took as another instance of carping jealousy and envy.

The bravery of Bunter, his amazing pluck and wonderful presence of mind, formed a topic of which Bunter seemed unlikely to tire; though the rest of the Greyfriars party were soon fed-up with it.

According to Bunter, he had completely outshone and outclassed anything in previous recorded history. Horatius at the bridge, Leonidas in the pass of Thermopylae, the Old Guard at Waterloo, the crew of the Birkenhead, the defenders of Lucknow—even the men who fought on the Somme—were, compared with Bunter, as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine! Being convinced of this, Bunter naturally did not hesitate to say so. He was not one of those fellows who hide their light under a bushel.

But William George Bunter did not confine his attention wholly to romance.



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Bunter had a practical vein in him. He expected gratitude from Mr. Locke; and he expected that gratitude to take a practical and substantial form.

And as Bunter was seen counting over a double handful of silver dollars that morning, the juniors guessed that Mr. Locke's gratitude had taken the practical form desired by Bunter.

After which they longed to kick him the length of the Silver Star and back again. But they felt that Bunter ought not to be kicked just at present—not till his glory had faded a little.

In the meantime, they bore with him as patiently as they could, trying to remember the ancient injunction that one should suffer fools gladly.

Ferrers Locke had business ashore that morning; and when he came up to take the boat Bunter blinked round at him. He was telling the Famous Five, for the umpteenth time, what a heroic hero he was; but he broke off.

"Locke going ashore?" he asked.

"Looks like it!" said Bob.

"Then I shall have to leave you fellows. I'd better go with him."

"What?"

"He won't be safe without me," said Bunter.

"Oh crumbs!"

"You fat idiot—"

Bunter rolled over to the Baker Street detective. Ferrers Locke was speaking to Mr. Green, the mate; but Bunter butted in without ceremony. Billy Bunter was now—or thought he was—a privileged person.

"Going ashore, Mr. Locke?" he asked breezily.

Locke gave him a glance.

"Yes," he said briefly.

"I'd better come, I suppose?"

"What?"

"I'm quite prepared to give up my time," said Bunter. "After what happened yesterday, I suppose you'd prefer me to keep along with you. Don't think I mind! I don't!"

Mr. Green gave him a look; opened his mouth and shut it again. Mr. Locke also gave him a look; and then turned his back on him and continued to speak to the mate. Billy Bunter blinked at the detective's back, and waited impatiently to get his attention. But he did not get it. Having finished speaking to the mate of the Silver Star, Ferrers Locke walked across to the group of juniors, apparently forgetful of the fat and important existence of William George Bunter.

"I am going ashore, Wharton," said Ferrers Locke. "I expect an answer from Mr. Wun Chung Lung to-day, at his tong. Probably Mr. Wun will come down the river to take his son home personally. In the meantime, Wun Lung must remain here in safety; he cannot leave the ship till he is handed over to his father."

"Allee light!" said Wun Lung cheerfully.

"But you boys may have a walk ashore," continued the detective. "Tang Wang has fled from Hong Kong—probably back to his own city of Pan-shan, where he is beyond our reach. But it is very probable that he has left spies in Hong Kong—in fact, fairly certain. Still, I do not desire to keep you boys cooped up on the yacht all day; and I understand, of course, that you would like to see the city. We shall be going up to Canton when Wun Lung goes home. Of course, you must be very careful ashore, and take every precaution."

"Of course, sir," said Harry.

"I have arranged with Mr. Green to

take you for a walk through the city and show you the sights," said Ferrers Locke. He smiled. "No doubt you would prefer a ramble on your own; but I am sure you understand that that is not permissible—you remember what happened at Singapore."

"That's all right, sir," said Bob. "We'll be jolly glad to trot round under Mr. Green's wing."

"I trust you," said Locke, "to remain with Mr. Green while you are ashore, in which case no harm can come to you. If any member of the party should show a disposition to wander—he did not mention Bunter's name, but the juniors understood—"I rely on the rest to keep him in hand. No member of the party must be allowed to wander away from the rest."

"Rely on us, sir!" said Harry.

"Very well, then. As soon as Mr. Green is ready he will take you ashore

A POCKET KNIFE

is always useful. Well, why not set to work and win one, like W. Blain, of 16, Bridge Street, Ellesmere Port, Wirral, who has sent in the following amusing joke:



The slowly-moving bus came to another standstill and a disgusted passenger turned to the conductor. "Is this thing never going to get a move on?" he asked. "If you don't like it," replied the conductor, "get out and walk!" "Oh," retorted the passenger, "I'm not in such a hurry as all that!"

It's never too late to start, y'know!

in a sampan. Good-bye for the present!"

Locke stepped into the boat, and was rowed away to the pier.

Billy Bunter stood gaping with indignation.

Ferrers Locke had gone without a word to him, just as if he did not matter! Obviously, he did not want Bunter's protection ashore!

Harry Wharton & Co. looked very bright and cheerful. They realised the need for caution, and were prepared to carry out Locke's instructions to the very letter. There was no doubt that they would have preferred a run ashore "on their own"; but they were content to see the sights of Hong Kong under the care of the mate. Only Bunter looked indignant and morose.

"I like that!" he said. "I must say, I like that! Locke seems to have forgotten that I saved his life yesterday."

"Oh, give us a rest!" said Bob.

"If Locke thinks I'm going to walk up and down Hong Kong with a Sunday-school treat!"

"Fathead!"

"With a blinking steamer's mate watching—"

"It's very kind of Mr. Green to give up his time to us, fathead!"

"Who wants him to?" demanded Bunter. "I can tell you, I'm jolly well not standing it. If Locke had asked me to take charge of the party it would have been all right! My hat! Might as well be back at Greyfriars, taking a blessed walk with old Quelch."

Mr. Green called across the deck.

"Ready in half an hour, young gentlemen!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" called back Bob Cherry cheerily; and the mate grinned and went to his cabin.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't! Look here, that cheeky mate's gone to his cabin! Let's call a sampan and clear!"

"Ass!"

"Well, I'm jolly well going to call a sampan!"

"Do!" said Bob, "and if you try to get into it we'll pitch you down into the saloon and sit on you."

"The silliness on the esteemed fat-headed Bunter will be terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh with a nod.

"After what I've done—"

"For goodness' sake, shut up!"

"Saving Locke's life—"

"Kill him, somebody."

"Beast! Walking round like a Cook's tour with a fathended mate in charge!" said Bunter indignantly. "As if I hadn't proved that I'm the fellow to take charge—"

"Cheese it!"

"There isn't any danger so you fellows needn't be in a funk. And if there's any danger, I shall be there to protect you."

"Ring off!"

"Considering that I saved Locke's life—"

"You'll need somebody to save your own life if you don't shut up!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Beast! I'm going ashore."

Bunter went to the side and beckoned to one of the many sampans plying for hire in Hong Kong harbour. The sampan came up to the anchored yacht at once.

As it bumped on the side the Famous Five collared Billy Bunter. They flattened him out on the deck and Johnny Bull sat on him. There was a roar from the Owl of the Remove.

"Owl! Leggo! Gerrup!"

Johnny Bull settled himself comfortably on a podgy chest.

"I'm sitting here till Mr. Green's ready to start," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Owl! Beast! Gerrup! I—I won't go!" gasped Bunter. "I—I'll stick to my old pals! Gerroooogh! Gerrup! You're squish-squish-squashing me! Wow!"

Wharton tossed a small coin to the sampan man and he sheered off again. Bunter was allowed to rise.

He glared at the Famous Five with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"You—you—you beasts—" he gasped. "I've a jolly good mind not to come with you now. I've a jolly good mind to wash my hands of the whole thing. I've a jolly good mind to chuck you and wash my hands—"

"Well, they could do with a wash!" remarked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! I mean—"

"Might as well wash your face while you're about it," suggested Nugent. "I don't believe you've washed it since we broke up at Greyfriars last term."

"Yah!"

Bunter rolled away to prepare for the trip ashore. He did not, perhaps, give much attention to ablutions; a waste of soap and water had never been one of Bunter's weaknesses. But he came up in a Panama hat that belonged to Wharton, a clean collar that belonged to Nugent, a necktie that belonged to Hurree Janmot Ram Singh, and a crimson cummerbund that belonged to himself—and really could not possibly have belonged to anybody else.

Bob Cherry shaded his eyes with his hand as Bunter dawned on him in the cummerbund. Bunter's extensive circumference often attracted a second glance. With that gorgeous sash round it, it was likely to attract a third and fourth.

"My hat! Are you going to wear that awful thing, Bunter?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bunter's fat lip curled.

"I wore this yesterday in Hong Kong," he said, "and I can tell you the girls noticed it! Lots of them looked round at me and smiled."

"No wonder!" gasped Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"For goodness' sake, give a fellow a rest from this paltry jealousy," snapped Bunter. "Anybody would think it was a fellow's own fault that he's uncommonly good-looking, the way you fellows go on."

"Oh crikey!"

"Well, we shall be able to find Bunter if he gets lost," grinned Nugent. "We could see that jolly old cummerbund a mile off."

"I shouldn't advise you fellows to wear them," said Bunter. "It isn't everybody who can wear a cummerbund. You need a good figure."

"A—a—what?" gasped Bob.

"A good figure—like mine! Graceful, you know."

"Oh, Christopher Columbus!"

"Skinny fellows like you would look guys in a cummerbund," said Bunter. "I don't like to see a fellow looking a guy."

"Keep away from the looking-glass, then."

"Yah!"

When Mr. Green was ready a sampan carried the party ashore, cummerbund and all. And the juniors soon had proof that one of Bunter's statements at least, was well-founded. People undoubtedly looked round at Bunter and undoubtedly they smiled.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Booked for Macao!

"WHAT about Macao?" asked Bunter.

"Macao?" repeated Harry.

"Yes. I've seen Hong Kong already—I did it pretty thoroughly yesterday, you know—"

"We haven't done it yet!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"I hope you're not going to be selfish. We ought to have a look at Macao while we've got the chance," said Bunter. "I've been reading about Macao in a paper. It's a Spanish settlement and—"

"Portuguese, fathead."

"Well, I knew it was something of the sort," said Bunter. "It's on the other side of the river—the something-or-other river—"

"The Canton river, ass!"

"Yes, and it's a jolly place, from all accounts," said Bunter. "They call it the Monte Carlo of the East. Gambling goes on there the same as at Monte Carlo, you know. That's rather ripping."

"Is it, ass?"

"Yes, rather! There's a Chinese game called something-or-other they play there—"

"I've never heard of a Chinese game called something-or-other," said Bob, shaking his head. "Are you sure it's not called what-d'ye-call-it?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Or thingumbob?" suggested Nugent.

The juniors had stopped for a rest after a walk about Hong Kong—or rather, they had stopped because Bunter wanted a rest. Bunter could do with a good many rests when he went walking. On a seat in the Connaught Road facing the shining harbour, the Greyfriars fellows watched the ever-shifting scene before their eyes, and especially a steamer lying at a pier, which was apparently about to put to sea. It was not a sea-going steamer, however, and Mr. Green told them that it was the daily boat that ran from Hong Kong to Macao.

The juniors would have been glad to run across the Che-kiang and have a look at Macao, a settlement where the Portuguese have been ever since 1557. But as the return trip would have taken eight hours it was not to be thought of. Besides, they wanted to see Hong Kong. So far, they had not seen a lot of that great city, with Billy Bunter setting the pace at that of an old and tired snail.

Bunter was full of Macao. Evidently he had been looking the matter up; though his memory was rather like a sieve on that subject as on most others.

"It's no end of a game, what ever it's called," said Bunter. "Fum-fum, I think it is—"

"Think again!" suggested Bob.

"Or fang-fang," said Bunter.

"What about fan-tan?" asked Wharton, laughing.

"Yes, that's it, fan-tan," said Bunter. "Well, they don't allow it in Hong Kong, you know—"

"I should jolly well think not."

"So sporting fellows run across the river to Macao for a game," said Bunter. "The Portuguese ain't so jolly particular. In fact I've read that Macao is a dying place, and would peter out altogether if they didn't raise money by licensing gambling saloons."

"Pity it doesn't peter out altogether, then," said Johnny Bull. "Precious example for white men to set the Chinese!"

"That's all very well," said Bunter. "But I'd like to have a bit of a flutter, now I'm in funds. What about breaking the bank and coming back with a sackful of dollars?"

"I can see you doing it!" grinned Bob.

"The fact is, I think I'm the chap to do it," explained Bunter. "It needs a cool head, a quick eye, a steady brain, a keen intellect, and an iron nerve. Well, that's me all over."

"Phew!"

"There's nothing much to see in Hong Kong," said Bunter. "Besides, I've seen it yesterday. Let's out across to Macao. We can dodge Green."

"Can you?" asked Mr. Green, who was walking up and down behind the seat where the juniors sat, smoking his pipe.

Bunter jumped up and blinked round. "Oh! I—I didn't see you there, Mr. Green! I—I mean, I—I was just saying that we wouldn't think of dodging you, you know."

Mr. Green grunted and walked on.

Bunter sniffed.

"I'm fed-up with that fellow!" he said. "He's not respectful. Did you notice the way he grunted? Just as if he didn't believe what I said to him! Low, I call it."

"Well, what about getting on?" asked Bob Cherry, rising from the seat. "We didn't come here to take root."

"No hurry," said Bunter. "We've ample time to cut down to the pier and get on the Macao steamer."

"We're not going on the Macao steamer, fathead," said Harry. "We shouldn't be back by sunset."

"What does that matter? Let's stay the night at Macao; I'll stand the axes—out of what I win at fan-tan."

"Oh crumbs!"

"You silly ass!" said Nugent. "Mr. Locke gave us leave to see Hong Kong with Mr. Green. We can't go across the river."

"That's all rot, of course. You'll be safe with me."

"Sit on his head, somebody!"

"Think of playing fum-fong—I mean fang-fang—that is, fan-tan, and winning pocketfuls of money!" said Bunter. "Of course, you fellows couldn't; you haven't the brains, or the nerve. But you can watch me."

"We're to disobey Mr. Locke's orders, go over to Macao, and sit around watching you gamble in a casino!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"That's it, old chap! How do you like the idea?"

"It's no good talking to him," said Bob. "Take hold of his ears and lug him along!"

"Beast! Macao's a jolly interesting place," said Bunter. "All sorts of historical thingummies. There's a thingumbob dating from some century or other; and a what-do-you-call-it where What's-his-name wrote a celebrated poem called what-the-dickens-was-it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In fact, as I know all about the place, I can guide you round," said Bunter. "That beast Green has got his back turned now, so let's cut down to the steamer. They're just going to start."

"You take his other ear, Johnny," said Bob.

"Yarooogh!"

With a grasp on either fat ear, Billy Bunter rose from the seat, and the Greyfriars party marched on. Mr. Green put his pipe in his pocket and followed. Bunter rubbed his ears when they were released and scowled.

His little round eyes gleamed behind his big round spectacles. Billy Bunter's fat mind was made up on a trip to Macao. His fat imagination was filled with visions of heaps of wealth won on the fan-tan tables. Bunter did not see why he should lose the chance of making an immense fortune just to please these beasts.

But it was clear that the beasts were not going to let him take the steamer to Macao, so strategy was indicated.

Bunter could be strategic.

"Ow!" he ejaculated suddenly and halted.

"Tired again?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically. "We've been walking at least two minutes since the last rest."



Almost before they knew what was happening, the Famous Five were mixed up in a shindy with the loafers, in the midst of which Mr. Cunha and Bunter walked away.

"There's a stone in my shoe!" said Bunter indignantly. "I shall have to take it off. I'll catch you up."

"Buck up, then, fathead!"

The juniors strolled on as Bunter stooped to his shoe. But he did not untie the shoe-string. Mr. Green, less than a dozen yards ahead, halted for Bunter to come up. He was not going to lose sight of him. The juniors halted, too, and they waited impatiently for Bunter.

They waited in vain. As they halted, and as Bunter saw that they would go no farther, the fat junior rose and cut off with a sudden rush. A number of people were going down to the Macao boat, and in a twinkling Bunter vanished into the crowd.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared after him.

"What is that fat idiot up to?" exclaimed Bob.

"Bunter!" roared Mr. Green.

"He's bolted!"

"After him!"

Mr. Green uttered an expressive seafaring expression.

"Get him back!" he exclaimed. "I fancy he's making for that steamer. Got hold of the fat fool and yank him back!"

"Yes, rather!"

Ferrers Locke had given instructions that if any member of the party wandered he was to be fetched back. And the juniors rushed after Bunter to fetch him back without losing a moment. Mr. Green following them at a more moderate pace. Mr. Green was an active sailorman, but he had passed the period of life when a foot race appealed to him.

The steamer was about to cast off

from the pier, and there was a crowd round the gangway—passengers, friends seeing them off, and the usual noisy swarm of Chinese coolies. It was not easy to run down a fellow in such a crowd, who did not want to be caught, and Bunter had been lost sight of.

But a glare of red, like unto a tropical setting sun, on the deck of the steamer caught Wharton's eyes for a moment. It was Billy Bunter's brilliant cummerbund.

"There he is!" shouted Wharton.

"On the steamer! Quick!"

He ran across the gangway, his chums at his heels. There was time to collar Bunter and yank him off before the moorings were cast loose.

"Ticket! Ticket!" shouted somebody.

But the juniors, in hot haste to catch Bunter, did not heed. They barged through the crowd on deck towards the spot where Wharton had caught sight of the crimson cummerbund gleaming from afar, like the plume of Navarre in the poem.

But Bunter was gone.

Evidently the fat junior had his fat wits about him. He had disappeared into some recess of the steamer, and the juniors hunted him over the crowded deck in vain.

There was a screech of a siren.

Wharton and Nugent plunged back to the gangway. But Bob and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh were still mixed up with the crowd; and they waited anxiously. The gangway was drawn off, and, to their horror, they found the steamer moving.

Whether they should have gone back without Bunter they hardly knew, but they could not go back without the rest of the Co. The space between the

steamer and the pier widened; and on the pier they sighted the stocky figure of Mr. Green, standing like a statue of wrath, his tanned face purple with rage. There was no help for it; the steamer glided out as Bob and Johnny and Hurree Singh breathlessly rejoined their chums at the side. But they came without Bunter. Bunter was lying very low.

"Oh crumbs! We're off!" gasped Bob.

"The off-fulness is terrific."

"That fat villain——"

"That frabjous freak——"

"Green looks as if he's going to burst a boiler!"

"On my hat! We're booked for Macao now! I—I—I'll burst Bunter all over the steamer!" gasped Wharton.

Mr. Green, still purple with fury, faded out of the picture, with the pier and the crowd on it. The steamer threaded her way among many islands, en route for the Portuguese port forty miles away across the Canton River. There was no help for it; the chums of the Remove were booked for Macao. And they could only make up their minds to slay Bunter when they laid hands on him. In the meantime, there was nothing to be done but to pay for their tickets and make the best of it.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Finds a Friend!

BILLY BUNTER grinned a fat grin.

He was wedged in a corner of the settee in the saloon of the river steamer; and as the saloon THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,182.

was fairly well crowded, even his beautiful cummerbund was fairly well hidden from view.

Generally Bunter quaked when on a steamer and the vessel got into motion; now he rejoiced. As soon as the steamer was away from the pier, he fancied that he would be away from those interfering beasts Harry Wharton & Co., and free to follow the devices and desires of his own fat heart.

Bunter did not yearn for their company, now that he had a pocket full of silver dollars of his own. All he wanted was to be left to do exactly as he liked. And if the beasts did not like it, they could lump it. If Ferrers Locke did not like it, he could lump it, too. Having escaped from custody, Bunter gave up his fat mind to contemplation of what he was going to do at Macao.

Passengers in the saloon, he found, were, in many cases, as interested in fan-tan as he was himself. Many worthy citizens of Hong Kong had taken that boat for a "change of air." Judging by their conversation they were attracted more by the game of fan-tan than by any change of air that the Portuguese settlement could offer them.

Bunter grinned serenely as the steamer churned her way among the islands, and made a wide sweep across the estuary of the Canton River for Macao. He was not aware that Harry Wharton & Co. were on the boat. And he would not have cared much had he been aware of it. It was too late to drag him back to Hong Kong now.

As for the trouble he might give by this escapade, Bunter did not think of that at all. That Ferrers Locke's plans might be disarranged was a matter of very small moment to William George Bunter. Consideration for others had never been his strong point.

Fortunately, for Bunter, the day was calm, the sea smooth and glassy, and the steamer steady. He was not troubled by any inward qualms, even after the river steamer got out into the immense estuary of the Che-kiang. He sat in his corner and took out the bag in which he carried his dollars, and began to count them. He had spent some money already on sticky sweetmeats, and sticks of sugar-cane. But he had a whole hundred dollars left. And, with that sum as capital, and his own marvellous intellect to back it up, Bunter had little doubt that he would sweep the fan-tan tables. As for the morality of the matter, Bunter did not think of that at all. A fellow couldn't think of everything.

He closed the bag rather hastily, and shoved it into a pocket under his cummerbund, as a little, dark gentleman dropped on the seat beside him.

The dark gentleman, Bunter guessed, belonged to Macao, and was probably going home on the steamer. He looked a Portuguese. Perhaps with a dash of something darker, his swarthy face had a shiny, oily look. His eyes and hair were black as the raven's wing, and a slight slant to the eyes hinted that all his ancestors had not come from Europe. If he ever washed, he did not show any effects of it. But his manner was politeness itself as he raised his hat to Bunter before sitting down, as if to apologise for intruding on so important a personage.

Bunter wondered for an uneasy moment whether he had noticed the bag of dollars. The Portuguese did not seem to have done so. He selected a cigarette from a case, and, with another bow, offered the case to Bunter.

"You smoke perhaps, senhor?" he said, in a rich, oily voice.

"Thank!" said Bunter; and he helped himself to a cigarette, which he was very careful not to light, however. He did not want to begin his trip with internal convulsions.

"You are English, senhor?"

"Yes," said Bunter.

"My name is Cunha—Vasco Cunha," said the polite little gentleman. "I have traded much with the English, and I know always an English lord when I see one."

Bunter sat a little more upright.

Vasco Cunha looked as if he would be all the better for a wash; but he was certainly a man of considerable judgment. He had taken Bunter for a lord at a glance, which nobody at Greyfriars would ever have dreamed of doing.

"I have friends among the British nobility, who have travelled in China," went on Mr. Cunha. "A great friend of mine is Sir Baronet de Duke Viscount. Perhaps a relation of yours."

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter.

Mr. Cunha seemed rather mixed about the titles of the British nobility, among whom he had friends.

"You go to Macao?" asked Mr. Cunha. "As a gentleman who has many English friends, may I take the liberty of warning you to keep away from the fan-tan tables? Many English go to them and lose their money. It is very foolish."

This was excellent advice—if Mr. Cunha was in earnest. But Billy Bunter was not looking for good advice.

"The fact is that's what I'm going for," he said.

"Ah, you are one sportsman!" said Mr. Cunha.

Bunter smirked.

"You are so rich you will not miss the money, if you lose at the game of fan-tan? I understand. I am a man of some experience, and I could see that you belong to the rich nobility. That is why I took the liberty to warn you to avoid fan-tan. Yet," continued Mr. Cunha thoughtfully, "if one is a genuine sportsman, as I see you are, my young friend, it is undoubted that a fortune is to be made at fan-tan."

"You think so?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"I have seen many men ruined," said Mr. Cunha. "But they were reckless, thoughtless. They did lose them the head. With a cool head, senhor, it is all the same as picking up money."

"I've a cool head," said Bunter.

"You know the game, senhor?"

"Well, I've never played it," admitted Bunter. "I know there's a Chinaman with a rake, that's all."

Mr. Cunha smiled genially.

"As it happens, I am acquainted with the best—the only really honest and respectable—fan-tan house in Macao," he said. "It is the place where a few weeks ago I won thirty thousand dollars."

Bunter's eyes bulged behind his big spectacles.

"Thirty thousand dollars?" he gasped.

"That is not so much perhaps as it sounds," smiled Mr. Cunha. "The Mexican dollar, which is much used in Macao, is worth two shillings of English money. So it was only about three thousand of your English pounds that I wonned."

"My hat! I'd like to win three thousand pounds!" gasped Bunter.

"How long did it take?"

"Ah, one must be patient! It took three hours."

Bunter had no objection to exercising patience to the extent of making a thousand pounds an hour.

"But again I warn you," said Mr. Cunha. "Unless you keep cool, unless you have nerve, do not play."

"Oh, I've lots of nerve!" said Bunter. "Only yesterday I saved a man's life from a horde of Chinese bandits."

"E possivel?" ejaculated Mr. Cunha, greatly impressed. "I do not doubt it, senhor. As soon as I see you, I say to myself, this English nobleman has the courage of one lion. If you care, senhor, I will show you the fan-tan house that I mention. Myself, I do not play any more, since I have wonned a fortune. But it amuse me to see the play. It will be an inestimable pleasure, senhor, to show you how the game is played. You will grasp it in a very few minutes."

"I say, it's awfully good of you, Mr. Cunha," said Bunter.

He wondered whether Mr. Cunha would want to be tipped for this inestimable service. Still, a man who had recently won a fortune at fan-tan could hardly be in want of a tip. Though even Bunter could not help noticing that the Portuguese gentleman had not spent any of his immense gains on soap.

"Not at all," said Mr. Cunha. "In fact, if you care to walk on the deck with me, I will explain something of the game, so that you will be well acquainted with it before you reach Macao."

"Good egg!" exclaimed Bunter.

They proceeded on deck, Billy Bunter feeling that fortune was fairly smiling on him in sending him this invaluable friend who could initiate him into the mysteries of fan-tan, so that he would be ready to sweep the board when he arrived at the only really respectable fan-tan house in Macao.

Mr. Cunha was also feeling that fortune had favoured him.

He haunted the Hong Kong Macao boat regularly, looking for gulls to inveigle into the gambling houses in the Portuguese city. And never had Mr. Cunha come upon a gull with his mouth so wide open.

Mr. Cunha wished from the bottom of his oily heart that there were a lot more sportsmen like Bunter knocking about Hong Kong. It would have made him feel more surer where his to-morrow's dinner was coming from.

As they walked on the rather crowded deck, both of them in a highly satisfied frame of mind, though for different reasons, there was a sudden shout as five exasperated schoolboys sighted the crimson cummerbund.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!"

"Here he is!"

"Dag him!"

"Bump him!"

"Bunter, you fat villain——"

Billy Bunter was surrounded. Mr. Vasco Cunha stared at the juniors in surprise. Bunter blinked at them in angry astonishment.

"I say, you fellows, I didn't know you were on the boat!" he ejaculated. "I say, what have you come for? I don't want you!"

"You fat, piffing porpoise——"

"Oh, sheer off!" said Bunter disdainfully.

"What?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Sheer off!" repeated Bunter. "I've no use for a mob of silly schoolboys. Keep your distance."

"Why, you—you—you——" gasped Wharton. "Collar him! We can't get him back to the pier now, but we can jolly well bump him!"

"The bumpfulness will be terrific, my esteemed Bunter."

(Continued on page 12.)

"Half-Time" Gossip!



BY way of a start this week I shall deal with a question sent to me by a *MAGNET* reader from Coventry, because I think my remarks thereon may be of general interest, especially in these early days of the season.

"I can't afford to spend a lot of money on my football boots," writes this correspondent, "and I want to get the utmost value out of those which I do use. How can I do it?"

The first essential concerning football boots is to get a pair which fit nice and tightly, without being uncomfortable in any sense or in any place. The best boots are generally cheapest in the long run—if you look after them—and that means I am advising my readers to buy the best they can afford.

And now look after them a little more carefully—though not in quite the same way—as you look after those shoes you wear on Sundays. As soon as possible after a match get the mud off them; don't give it time to work into the leather and harden it.

Having got them clean and dry, apply a little grease which has the effect of keeping them soft. See that the studs are all right; renew them when they begin to wear down. Taking these precautions you will be surprised at the length of time a good pair of football boots will last. Indeed, they will probably last so long that in due course you will be able to hand them over to your brother Tommy (when your own feet have grown too big for them), and that will save a birthday present.

It is even worth while keeping them in shape with a "brush."

PROBABLY my readers, when watching a professional match between famous players have noticed—and this touches, in a way, upon the boot question—that the laces of the boots are worked underneath the sole and then crossed and tied round the instep. This isn't just a fad or an indication of "swank." The lace worked round in this way lends stability to the boot at the part where it needs it most—around the instep. I used to think that it also gave me greater confidence in my boots, a feeling of greater security, as if the boot was really all in one with the foot.

There is plenty of evidence that readers of the *MAGNET* who love football, either as a game to play or a game to watch, don't go about with their eyes shut. "I have noticed," writes a lad from Bradford,

"That referees and linesmen seem to be working differently together this season. How they worked out some more system?"

I have also noticed the same thing at some of the matches I have witnessed this season, and the new system is really the outcome of experiments made last season by Mr. Tom Crew, the referee who, as you may remember, had the honour of taking the Cup Final between Arsenal and Huddersfield Town.

DURING the close season, Mr. Crew called meetings of the leading referees and linesmen in various parts of the country, and these fellows agreed to copy, roughly, the methods which Mr. Crew adopted in the Cup Final.

I will try to explain, as simply as possible, what these methods are. The main idea is that the linesmen should be of more assistance to referees than they have been in the past. By an arrangement made beforehand,

each linesman is allotted one half of the field—he doesn't dash up and down and right along the line as in former times.

One linesman patrols, in the broad sense, one half of his line, and the other linesman patrols the other half of his line. Obviously this means that often in the course of a game there is a corner of the field which is not under the direct eye of the linesman.

In the ordinary course of events happenings in or near that corner would be missed, but this risk is reduced to a minimum by a different line of action taken by the referee. He doesn't go up and down the middle of the field, but works diagonally, from the left-hand corner-flag at one end of the field to the right hand corner-flag at the other end.

Thus the referee is always on that particular side of the field from which the linesman is absent.

The whole object of this co-ordinated method of control, for which I have nothing but unqualified support, is that working in this way there is always one linesman in a proper position for seeing what happens when the venue of the play is changed too rapidly for the referee to be right up with it.

FOR years there has been talk of appointing, so far as the really important matches are concerned, goal-judges to decide vital points. It is claimed by Mr. Urew, and those who are in agreement with him, that if the new system is properly worked, there is no necessity for goal-judges, because there is always one official or another right up with the play, no matter how quickly the ball may travel from end to end.

The system is not merely useful in saving the referee from making mistakes when it is a matter of inches as to whether a goal has or has not been scored: the linesman can also be of real assistance concerning offside decisions, inasmuch as a position which often arises. One side is defending stubbornly. Suddenly a full-back or a half-back gets the ball and bangs it right up the field with a huge kick.

The centre-forward of his side has been waiting for such a chance, but it is possible that he may be in an offside position.

The referee is not in a position to tell, because, of necessity, he is a long way behind the ball.

When this new system is working, however, there is a linesman in that half of the field to which the ball is suddenly transferred, and this linesman can give the referee the "tip" if the centre-forward is off-side.

Personally, I am all in favour of the linesmen being used in this way, and of their taking their share of responsibility in the control of a game, provided, of course, they are neutral. It is from the linesmen of to-day that we have to recruit the referees of to-morrow. Consequently the giving of decisions by linesmen on certain points trains them to be observant.

OF course, like all good things, this idea of using the linesmen is apt to be abused, and the one thing which we don't want to see is the linesmen refereeing the game: that is, trying to over-rule the good fellow with the whistle. There is always a risk of this happening when the linesman is given a certain amount of power.

The point to be borne in mind is that there is no reason for the linesman to wave his flag about to draw attention to things which the referee is in a good position to see. I have already seen one match this season, the result of which was affected by a linesman's flag. The referee and the linesman were both comparatively near to the play. The linesman thought he saw something; the referee stopped the game, and eventually awarded a free kick to one of the teams.

From this free kick a goal was scored, and by that goal the match was won.

If the linesman had not insisted, the referee, who was right on the spot, would have gone on with the game, and the result would have been different.

It seems to be that the ideal arrangement is for the linesmen to keep their eyes on the referee and when he looks to them for a decision they give it.

OLD RED.

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GREYFRIARS CHUMS IN CHINA!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Sheer off!" roared Bunter angrily. "None of your sag larks here! Mind your own business! Can't you see I'm with a friend?"

Bunter backed behind Mr. Vasco Cunha to escape grasping hands. The juniors looked at Mr. Cunha, whom they noticed for the first time. They had not expected to find Bunter in company.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not experienced in the ways of the world, especially in the shady side thereof, but they could "place" Mr. Vasco Cunha easily enough. Obviously he was a dubious character, the kind of man who, in their own country, would have scaped on racecourses and dabbled in racing swindles. His oily smoothness, his flashing tie-pin, his rings, and his lack of washing, did not impress them favourably. That he was some sort of a "tout" they knew at a glance. Still, whatever he was, they were bound to be civil to a stranger.

Mr. Cunha, perhaps guessing that Bunter was a fatuous ass who was being looked after, and unwilling to let his gull escape, interposed between him and the Famous Five.

"Estou envergonhado de si!" he said severely. "I ashamed of you! Yes! You keep off from my young friend! Why you make a row?"

"We're looking after that fat chump!" explained Wharton. "Please leave him to us!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Neo, senhor! I leave him not!" said Mr. Cunha. "I walk on this deck with this gentleman, and you make one row. Be quiet, you! Go away!"

"Look here—"

"Get out, you rotter!" exclaimed Bunter. "Haven't you any decent manners! Mind your own business! Just sheer off!"

"You fat idiot—"

"Yah!"

Harry Wharton breathed hard. Certainly he did not want to enter into a slanging with a low-class Portuguese on the crowded steamer. After all, Bunter could wait.

"You're coming back by the next boat, Bunter!" he said. "If you try to dodge us, we'll bag you by your silly ears and yank you on board. And if you've got any sense you'll keep with us while you're on this boat, and have nothing to do with strangers."

"Rats!"

"You fat freak—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bunter. "Come this way, Mr. Cunha. The fact is, I don't really know these fellows; they persist in forcing their company on me, but I don't really know them. A low lot of trippers, you know."

And Bunter walked away with his new friend, and the Famous Five looked at one another.

"Well!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath.

"Too fat, frowzy fathead—"

"The beighted chumps got in with some swindling tout," said Harry. "I suppose that greasy bounder knows that Bunter's got money. We shall have to keep an eye on him."

"Let him rip, and be blowed to him!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Can't, fathead! Goodness knows what might happen to the born fool in a place like Macao, with a man like that. Might get his silly neck twisted for his dollars. We've got to take care of him."

Johnny Bull granted, but he

acquiesced. Bunter was an exasperating ass, but certainly he could not be left to his fate in the hands of his new friend. It was up to the Famous Five to see that the fat and fatuous Owl came to no harm; but that, as they discovered later, was going to be a task of some difficulty.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In Macao!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. booked for the trip to Macao whether they liked it or not, sensibly made up their minds to make the best of it. So far as the trip itself was concerned, it was enjoyable enough, and they liked it.

The sun shone down from a cloudless sky on blue waters, there was a merry buzz of talk from the passengers on the steamer, most of them holiday makers going over to Macao for a "change of air," or some less respectable reason; and the scenery through which the steamer glided was interesting enough to fellows new to China. Channels were threaded among many islands, before the steamer swept out into the great estuary of the Canton River, and made a wide sweep round the promontory on which the city of Macao is built on a hillside. The trip occupied nearly four hours, but they passed swiftly enough to the Greyfriars fellows.

Of Billy Bunter they saw little more before Macao came in sight. Several times they glimpsed a glaring summer-bund about the deck and that was all. But as there was nothing to be done to Bunter before the steamer reached the wharf, they let him keep his distance. In fact, it was a pleasure to be relieved of his company.

Bunter was deep in the mysteries of fan-tan with his new friend.

Mr. Cunha certainly knew all about that fascinating Chinese game, and he placed his store of knowledge freely at the disposal of William George Bunter.

Bunter drank it all in—in fact, he lapped it up! He was feverishly eager to reach Macao and the really respectable fan-tan house that Mr. Cunha recommended. If Mr. Cunha had won three thousand pounds at that game, Bunter did not see why he should not do the same. In point of fact, he was as likely to so as Mr. Cunha or anybody—which is to say, that he was not likely to do so at all.

Macao came in sight at last—a city built up the side of a hill three hundred feet high—almost the whole city visible to the eyes from the approaching steamer. It was a picturesque-looking place, and Harry Wharton & Co. watched it with keen interest as the steamer drew in to the wharf.

They were not very well informed about that remote part of the earth; geography lessons at Greyfriars had rather left out Macao. But Ferrer Locke had told them a good deal about China in talks on the Silver Star. They knew that the place had been settled by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century; that it had once been a great and busy port, but had been knocked out by the rise of Hong Kong, and had degenerated into a mere ghost of its former self.

Macao, indeed, could hardly have continued to exist, but for the remarkable shifts by which its administration contrived to prolong its rather dingy existence.

With its trade dying, and its harbour silted up, its enterprise slumbering, Macao was rather like a disreputable

adventurer taking to very bad ways in his doddering old age. At one time its most flourishing industry had been the kidnapping of Chinese coolies, to be sold as slaves overseas—a practice that could not possibly have endeared the "foreign devils" to the Chinese. That industry had been abolished, and in later days, Macao derived most of its revenue from the licensing of gambling places.

Macao swarmed with fan-tan houses. The place was called the Monte Carlo of the East, but there was, at least, no humbug about Macao, no pretence that a gambling saloon was a "club." Fan-tan dens stood as wide open to the public as the barbers' shops and the pawn shops. Fan-tan houses were thicker in Macao than roulette "clubs" in Amsterdam, but there was no solemn buffoonery about the election and selection of "members." No humbug at all! The gambling was carried on in the light of day, open and unashamed. Macao had, at least, the virtue of frankness.

The Greyfriars fellows could not help thinking that a city which depended on such resources for its existence, might well cease to exist, with benefit to all concerned.

But they looked with pleasure on the picturesque old city, rising on its hillside from the lapping waters. As the steamer glided in, Billy Bunter came up and joined them.

"I say, you fellows."

"Well, you fat freak!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Don't be cheeky, Bull! I say, I'm going ashore with my friend Mr. Cunha," said Bunter. "If you like, I'll take you round the town with me, and show you a little life. You don't deserve it, but I will. Of course, I shall expect you to behave yourselves."

"You podgy puffer," said Bob Cherry. "You're not going round the town with that greasy swindler. You're coming back to Hong Kong on the next boat."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Mr. Locke will be anxious about us, you fat chump," said Nugent.

"Blow Mr. Locke! Besides, Green will tell him where we are, and he knows you're under my protection. So that's all right."

"You beighted bandersmatch—"

"Don't jaw so much," said Bunter. "I've said that I'll take you for a flutter at fan-tan, if you like, and I mean it. Yes or no?"

"Can't you see that that fellow Cunha is only a tout after your dollars, you fathead?"

Bunter sniffed.

"I don't mind telling you that Mr. Cunha has won thirty thousand dollars at fan-tan, and he's going to take me to the same place," he said.

"Thirty thousand rats, you fathead!" "More likely he's tipped about five bob for every mug he takes there to lose his money!" grunted Johnny Bull.

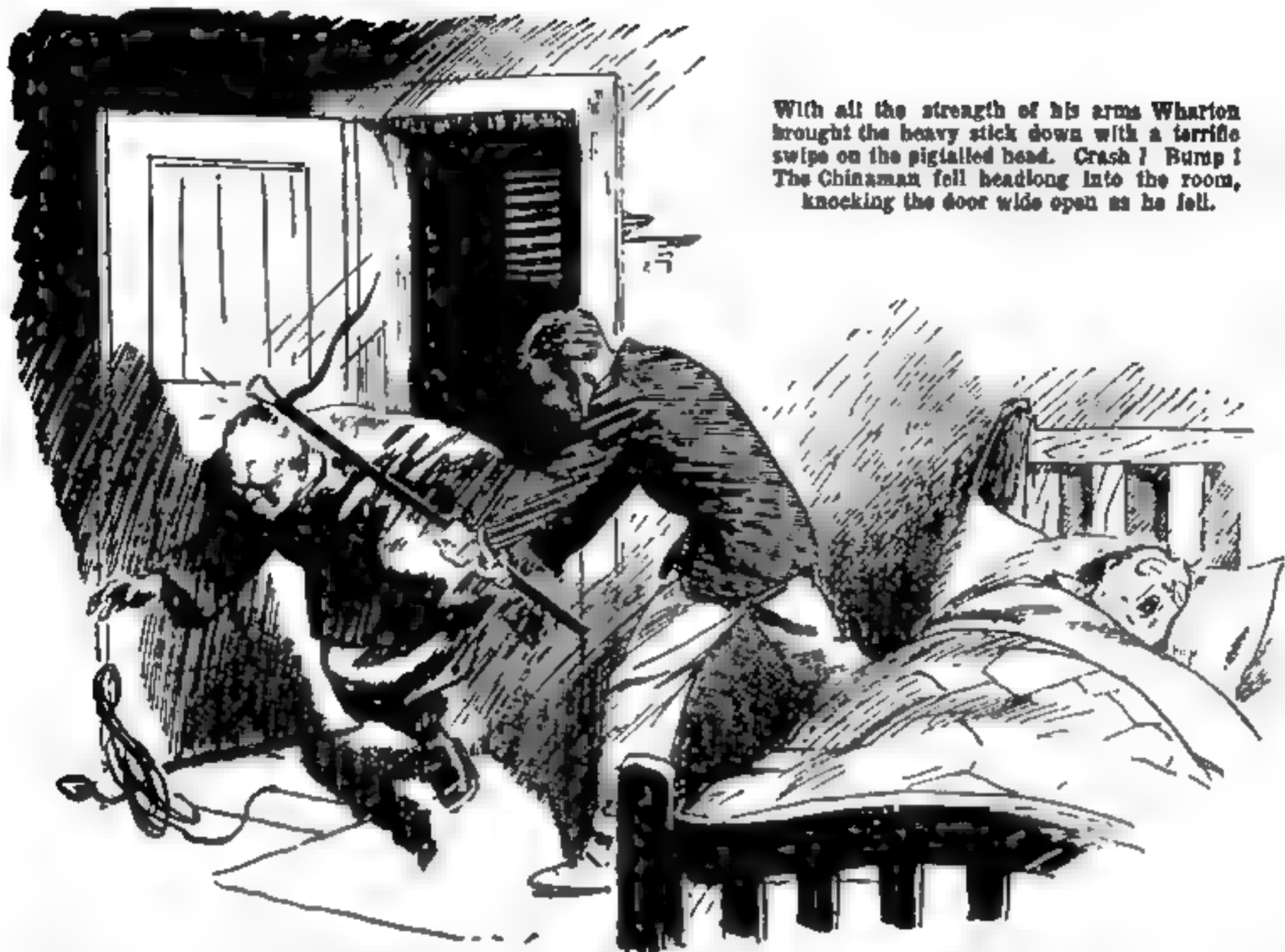
"I fancy I can take care of myself," said Bunter disdainfully. "And I'm not going to listen to you fellows running down my friend. Keep your distance and be blowed to you!"

And Bunter rolled away again, and rejoined Mr. Vasco Cunha.

"Jever hear of such a born idiot?" ejaculated Bob. "Keep an eye on him when we get off the boat."

"Yes, rather!"

The steamer glided in to the wharf. Harry Wharton & Co. posted themselves close to the gangway to watch for Bunter going ashore. Billy Bunter came rolling along with Mr. Cunha in



With all the strength of his arms Wharton brought the heavy stick down with a terrific swipe on the pigtailed head. Crash! Bump! The Chinaman fell headlong into the room, knocking the door wide open as he fell.

the midst of an eager crowd of trippers from Hong Kong, and all that the juniors could do was to follow him. But on the wharf, where the crowd thinned, they came up with him and his precious new friend.

"Now, Bunter—" Harry Wharton dropped his hand on a fat shoulder.

Bunter gave him a glare through his big spectacles.

"Get out!" he snapped.

"You're to come with us, you fat chump!"

"Bhan't!"

"Then we'll jolly well make you!"

Mr. Vasco Cunha interposed, with a very ugly look on his sallow face. His black eyes glittered at the Greyfriars fellows.

"The hands off!" he exclaimed. "You mind your own business! My young friend, he come along with me. Yes!"

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Johnny Bull. "You're not taking that fat chump into a gambling den, Mr. Cunha!"

"Mind your own business!" bawled Bunter. "Do you think you can give me orders, you cheeky rotters? Sheer off!"

"Collar him!" said Bob.

"I say, you fellows—leggo!"

Mr. Cunha made a beckoning sign, and five or six rough-looking men, evidently acquaintances of this friend of the British nobility, gathered round the group.

A swarthy and very dirty band shoved Wharton back, and another dragged Bob Cherry from Bunter. Almost before they knew what was happening, the Famous Five were mixed up in a shindy with the loafers, in the midst of which Mr. Cunha and his young friend walked away.

It was some minutes before the Greyfriars fellows could force a way through the grinning loafers of the wharf, and by that time Bunter was almost out of sight.

They followed him, breathless and intensely exasperated. The half-caste loafers on the wharf sent a cackle of laughter after them, and the Famous Five were tempted to turn back and wipe up the wharf with the dungy crew. But they remembered that they were in a foreign city now, under Portuguese administration—such as it was—and they had no desire to be hauled off to the "reparticao da policia."

It dawned upon them that drastic methods in dealing with the fatuous Owl were out of the question now. They were in Mr. Cunha's native city, where all the advantage were on Mr. Cunha's side. So long as Bunter was of any use to Mr. Cunha, Mr. Cunha was able to keep possession of him, and scrapping with Mr. Cunha was only too likely to lead to arrest as disturbers of the peace. That was a very sobering reflection.

"Let the fat idiot rip!" growled Johnny Bull, wiping his cheek where a dirty fist had left a mark.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"We can't do that," he said. "The fat fool might be murdered for his money. Cunha looks none too good for it."

"Well, what can we do? If we collar him, we shall get mixed up with a gang of these snuff-coloured hooligans, and very likely run in."

"We'd better keep him in sight."

"What about the boat back to Hong Kong?"

"We can't go back without Bunter!" said Wharton decidedly. "Mr. Locke wouldn't want us to desert him in this place. We couldn't do it."

"Won't I jolly well kick him when we get him back on the Silver Star!" said Johnny Bull, breathing hard.

"The kickfulness will be terrific!" said Hurree Jameel Ram Singh. "But at present, my esteemed chums, we can only keep an abed eye on him!"

And the Famous Five followed in the wake of William George Bunter and his only friend.

They were in little humour for seeing the sights of Macao. The Praya Grande did not appeal to them, nor even the garden in which Camoens wrote his famous poem the "Lusad." The fat and exasperating Owl of the Remove occupied their thoughts. They yearned to kick him from one end of Macao to the other; but it was evident that they could not desert him in his present company. One of the sights of Macao, however, they had to see—and that was the most famous of all—the fan-tan!

Whether Bunter was aware that they were on his trail, they did not know. The fat junior did not look back once. He walked on cheerily, deep in conversation with his valuable friend. The Famous Five walked behind; not seeing, perhaps, much of Macao, but smelling a good deal of it. They found that one of the prominent features of the Portuguese city was its mixture of vile odours.

"There they go!" said Bob.

Bunter and his friend turned into a doorway.

Apparently they had reached their destination.

If this really was the "most respectable" of the fan-tan dives in Macao, as Cunha had said, its surroundings did not say much for it. The street was

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(Continued
from
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narrow and dirty and evil-smelling, the faces of the passengers—Chinese and Portuguese and half-caste—far from pleasant or clean. Possibly Mr. Cunha had exaggerated the respectability of that delectable resort.

Harry Wharton & Co. arrived at the doorway into which Mr. Cunha and Bunter had disappeared.

A burly, black-browed half-caste lounged within, apparently a door-keeper, and no doubt a "chucker-out" also, when one was required. He bowed very civilly to the juniors, however, and they passed in without question. They walked into the gaming-den as freely as into a shop.

A dusky passage led them into a large room, with bare walls that had once been white, but were now dingy and grimy. The room was crowded—the game was going strong. Portuguese and Chinese, half-castes of all kinds of races, two or three Americans, and a few English from Hong Kong, were gathered round the long table. A dozen languages were spoken. In a few minutes they sighted a crimson sumnerbund. Bunter was at the table, with his oily friend at his side.

He blinked round as the juniors came up, and grinned.

"Oh! You fellows here!" he said cheerily.

"Yes, you fat idiot!"

"Cheese it," said Bunter. "You're not in the Remove passage at Greyfriars now! If you want me to know you here, you've got to be civil."

"You burbling chump!"

"If you're here for a flutter, watch me, and do as I do," said Bunter. "Follow my game, and win along with me. See!"

"We're not here for a flutter, you chump!"

"Then what the dickens are you here for!" demanded Bunter.

"For a fat idiot!"

"Oh, shut up!"

Bunter turned his back on the Famous Five.

They considered for a moment the advisability of collaring him, and yanking him out into the street by main force. But evidently it was impracticable, and could only have led to a shindy with Vasco Cunha and his friends. It was useless to get "chucked out," leaving Bunter to carry on. So they suppressed their feelings, and watched Bunter, while the Owl of the Remove, oblivious of their existence, devoted himself to the joys—or other-wise—of fan-tan.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Flutter at Fan-Tan!

"THLEE!"

The Chinese who handled the rake at the fan-tan table spoke in pidgin-English, the only tongue known to all the polyglot crowd who swarmed round the table.

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Three was the winning number, and the Chinaman, a fat man, with a stolid, yellow face and sleepy, slanting eyes, drawled out "Thlee," changing the "r" into an "l," in the manner of the Chinese.

Round the table the players talked in English and French and Portuguese, Chinese, Manchu and Mongolian, and other tongues. But all of them understood the "pidgin" English.

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

He had dropped a dollar on the square marked number three, and as three was the winning number, Bunter had won.

Vasco Cunha gave him an oily smile.

"You are one of the lucky ones, my friend," he said. "Yes, you begin with a win, and I think you will break the bank! Sum! Yes!"

"What-ho!" grinned Bunter in great elation.

He did not observe a faint, imperceptible smile that had passed between Cunha and the stolid Chinaman with the rake, when they came to the table. That smile might have told Bunter, had he observed it, that the Portuguese was an old acquaintance of the fan-tan banker, and that the Chinaman was amused to see the fat and greedy gull that Cunha had conveyed into his establishment.

Bunter staked five dollars on number four. He watched for the result with his heart in his mouth.

Harry Wharton & Co., wedged among the hot and excited players, watched the game with some interest. It was their first experience of a Chinese gambling game.

It seemed simple enough to their eyes. Four squares were numbered on the table, one to four, and these numbers could be backed singly or two at a time.

The numbers were determined by a very simple method. A heap of small copper coins was placed on the table, and from these the man with the rake drew away four at a time, till only four, or less than four, remained of the heap.

If four remained, four was the winning number; if only three, then three was the winner; if only one, then one was the winner. Nothing could have been more simple.

Any player at the table was allowed to take a handful of the copper coins from a stack, to form the heap from which the rake drew; so it looked as if it really was a game of chance.

The game was, indeed, so simple that even Bunter was able to master it in a few minutes, though winning money at it was another matter.

Bunter's five dollars on number four vanished when the announcement came again of "thlee" as the winning number.

Bunter grunted.

"I was rather an ass not to stick to three!" he murmured.

And next time he stuck to three; but, unfortunately, number two materialised and Bunter was done again.

"Courage, my friend," murmured Cunha, as Bunter blinked at the table in a hesitating way, uncertain whether to continue. "A sportsman like you is not frightened by one loss, or two losses—yes? Nao! It is a player with courage such as you, my friend, who breaks the bank."

Bunter nodded, and resumed play.

Five dollars a time went the way of most dollars at fan-tan, and Bunter suddenly woke to the fact that he had lost seventy dollars out of his hundred.

He felt an inward qualm.

A flutter at fan-tan was all very well; but he could not help thinking of the immense quantity of foodstuffs he could have purchased for seventy dollars.

"In for one penny, in for one pound,

as you English say!" murmured Vasco Cunha encouragingly.

Bunter began to play with single dollars. This, at least, had the advantage of making his supply of cash last longer.

A few small wins came his way and encouraged him. He began to feel doubtful about breaking the bank. He was extremely dubious about walking off with three thousand pounds. He began to confine his hopes to winning back what he had lost—that will-o'-the-wisp which leads so many gamblers to ruin.

Winning back what he had lost seemed as arduous a task as breaking the bank.

Dollar after dollar was whisked away, the numbers coming up most unfortunately for Bunter.

Some of the players along the table were winning. More were losing. Indeed, it was a foregone conclusion that the majority must lose, or the place could not have existed. A gambling den could not be run on losses. That self-evident proposition had not occurred to Bunter's mighty brain.

A French seaman who was winning, ejaculated "Bon, bon!" every time he received a wad of greasy notes. His ejaculations irritated Bunter, who blinked at him severely several times. A sportive broker from Hong Kong, who was losing dollars by the fistful, cursed under his breath at every loss, and his feelings were more in tune with Bunter's. Dollar after dollar went, till of Bunter's hundred he found that he had only two left.

The brightness had faded from Bunter's fat face now.

He sat with a solitary dollar in either fat hand, blinking with dismayed eyes at them.

Mr. Cunha smiled.

"One more chance, my friend," he murmured. "I have one feeling that now your fortune he is on one turn."

With the feeling that he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, Bunter made up his mind.

Harry Wharton touched him on the shoulder. The dismay in Bunter's fat face disarmed his anger and annoyance. Bunter was an irritating ass; but he had certainly paid for his folly.

"Get a move on," said Harry.

"Oh, shut up!" grunted Bunter.

"Look here—"

"Shut up, blow you!"

Bunter tossed the two dollars on number four, and waited, with thumping heart, while the rake drew the copper "cash" from the heap.

By that time Bunter had been playing more than an hour, and the chums of the Remove were thoroughly tired of the place, of its heated and stuffy air, its atmosphere of unhealthy excitement, and the cursing in a dozen languages from unlucky players. As the evening came on, too, more than one man who dropped in had evidently been drinking too freely. They recognised several of the passengers on the river steamboat from Hong Kong; no doubt quite respectable merchants in the British city, but decidedly "rotty" while taking their "change of air" at Macao.

The Famous Five were fed-up to the chin; yet they felt that they could not go without Bunter. To leave the fat duffer in this den was impossible, and to drag him away was equally impossible, so long as he had any money left. They could only hope that it would not last much longer.

Bunter gave quite a chirrup of triumph as four, the number on which he had tossed his last two dollars, came up the winner.

"What have I tell you?" smiled Cunha.

"What-ho!" grinned Bunter.

He played again, and won again, and yet again. A dozen of his lost dollars came home.

"Now come away, fathead," said Bob Cherry.

"Likely!" grinned Bunter.

It only needed a small win or two to restore Bunter's bounding confidence. He played on cheerily.

"My hat!" said Bob. "I can't stand this much longer, you men! I'm getting almost suffocated in this dingy hole."

"Won't I kick him!" murmured Johnny Bull. "Won't I kick him when we get back on the yacht?"

It seemed to the chums of the Remove just then that kicking Bunter would be the supreme joy of existence.

But for the present he had to be left unkicked, and they had to wait and watch, and suppress their feelings.

Bunter lost again and won again. It was obvious that sooner or later he would go "stony," but the process seemed endless to the tired and impatient juniors. Darkness had fallen now on the streets of Macao, and they were more and more anxious to be gone. But Bunter was a fixture at the table so long as he had a dollar left. Not that he entertained any longer even the faintest hope of breaking the bank. But he was going to win back his losses somehow, if he could. The event, at last, proved that he couldn't.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo," murmured Bob Cherry who had been looking about the place, over the varied crowd, to wile away the weary minutes. "That Johnny seems interested in us."

He nodded towards a Chinese who had come into the room, and was standing by the wall, not approaching the gaming-table.

He was a short, squat man, dressed in blue, like nine in ten of the Chinese whom the juniors had seen. His slanting eyes were fixed on the Greyfriars party, over the ever-shifting crowd.

"That Chinese?" asked Harry, glancing at the man.

"Yes; he's been watching us for a long time. I wonder—"

Bob Cherry broke off.

Wharton compressed his lips.

The Mandarin Tang Wang had fled from Hong Kong to escape arrest; but he had assuredly left agents behind—members of the Red Dragon tong. It was more likely than not that the party from the Silver Star had been watched. So long as they had remained with Mr. Green, in the public streets of Hong Kong, it mattered little; but it was a very different proposition if the mandarin's emissaries had traced them out in the Portuguese city forty miles from the British port. The prospect of trouble in Macao was dismaying.

"We shall have to be careful!" said Harry. "If that fat idiot doesn't come away soon, I shall collar him, and chance a row."

Fortunately, Bunter was now down to his last dollar. He sat and held that solitary coin in his fat fingers, with a dismayed and dismal face. He tossed it on the board at last, and it followed the rest.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

"You have finished!" asked Mr. Cunha, with a smile. Probably Mr. Cunha was getting tired himself by that time.

"I—I say!" whispered Bunter.

"Yes, what, senhor?"

"Lend me a few dollars."

Mr. Cunha laughed—he could not

help it. He had brought Bunter there to lose his dollars, not to lend him any.

"You have no more?" he asked.

"Not a brown!" groaned Bunter.

"Perhaps your friends will lend—"

"Catch them, the beasts!"

"It is one great pity!" said Mr. Cunha. "But another time you will have better luck—yes."

"There won't be another time—those rotters will take care of that!" groaned Bunter. "Besides, I haven't any more money."

This piece of information seemed to deprive Mr. Cunha of any interest he still retained in his young friend.

"De veras?" he ejaculated. "Is it so? Now I remember I have to see a friend, and I must not keep him to wait!"

Mr. Cunha disappeared into the crowd.

"I say!" gasped Bunter.

But his new friend was gone. Mr. Cunha had no use for a squeezed orange. Bunter was never destined to look again on the oily countenance of that friend of the British nobility.

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Bunter. He blinked round at the Famous Five, who stood in a group at a little distance, elbowed away from the table by eager players. "I say, you fellows!"

Wharton looked round at him.

"Coming, fathead?" he asked.

"I say, lend me a hundred dollars."

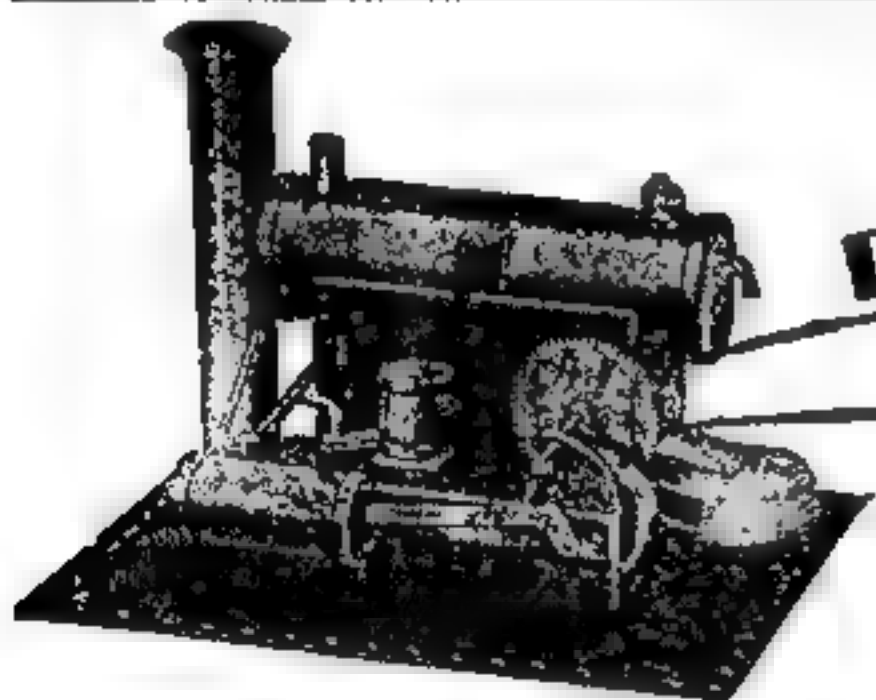
"Ass!"

"Lend me ten dollars."

"Fathead!"

"Lend me just one dollar! I'm convinced that my luck's just on the turn!" pleaded Bunter.

(Continued on next page.)



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"Idiot!"

Billy Bunter dragged himself away from the table. His flutter at fan-tan was at an end; so was his hundred dollars. With a woebegone face he joined the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows, we may as well go!" he mumbled. "I hope you fellows have got some money. We shall have to stay the night in Macao; there's no boat back till to-morrow; and I can't stand treat—I've got nothing left. I say, these beastly places ought to be shut up, you know. I—I say, I believe that Portuguese beast was just a tout who brought me here to lose my money. I—I say——"

"Oh, shut up, and come out!" growled Bob.

And the Greyfriars fellows left the fan-tan dive; and as they walked up the dusky, evil-smelling street, the squat Chinaman also emerged, and followed in their wake.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Hotel in Macao I

HARRY WHARTON glanced back at the corner of the street. Night had fallen on Macao, and the street lighting left much to be desired. But he could see a squat figure in blue sinking along the side of the street, in the shadow of the houses.

"We're followed!" he said quietly.

"That Chinoo?"

"Yes."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!" hissed Bob.

"Shan't! I'm hungry! I say, if I'd won at fan-tan, I was going to stand you fellows a tremendous spread at the best hotel in Macao. Now I've gone stony, I suppose you're not going to let me starve?"

"Kick him, somebody!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Get on!" said Harry. "That brute who is following us may have friends hanging about. We've got to put up here for the night; and the sooner we find an hotel the better."

"Ask somebody the way, then, you am," said Bunter, rolling after the juniors. "Does anybody know the Portuguese for hotel?"

"It's the same word, fathead! But we shall have to be jolly careful whom we ask. We're in Queer Street here."

"Well, any place will do so long as the grub's good."

"Shut up!"

Bunter snorted and shut up. He was not only hungry, but he was feeling angry and indignant. The loss of a visionary fortune, and a real hundred dollars, had made Bunter feel very dismal, and he expected sympathy. The least those fellows could do, in Bunter's opinion, was to sympathise.

But there was no sympathy for Bunter. Instead of that, the fellows looked at him as if they could have eaten him, and barely restrained themselves from kicking him along the dusky street.

They passed through another street and another, and came into a more brightly lighted thoroughfare near the Praya Grande. Here there were a good many people about, and they felt more at ease. They did not doubt that the squat Chinaman was still shadowing them; neither did they doubt that he was an emissary of Tang Wang. But in a lighted and crowded street he could hardly do any mischief, so long as they kept together.

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Bunter came to a sudden halt, outside a building which bore the word "Hotel" in large letters.

"Here you are, you fellows! This is all right."

"How do you know it's all right, am?"

"Well, I can smell cooking!"

A plump Portuguese was standing in the porch of the hotel. He stepped towards the party of juniors, as they stopped and eyed the lighted entrance, with a graceful bow.

"Entre, senhores!" he said politely. "You search a hotel? E o melhor hotel in Macao! Sim! Entre!"

The juniors were sublimely ignorant of the Portuguese language, but they understood the man. They knew French, and the word *melhor*, in its pronunciation, resembled the French word "*meilleure*," so they guessed that he was telling them that this was the best hotel in Macao. As he was evidently the proprietor, he ought to have known. Probably he was exaggerating the merits of his hotel; but the place looked respectable, and they were tired and hungry, and they followed the bowing, plump man in.

They were shown into the sala de jantar, or dining-room, where they found a hot and stuffy atmosphere, and flies innumerable. But that was only to be expected; and they sat down to a meal, which was very grateful and comforting, and made them feel better.

The juniors were a little worried about what Ferrers Locke might be thinking of their absence. No doubt Mr. Green had explained to him; but the Baker Street detective was certain to be anxious. It could not be helped; but it troubled them. It did not, however, trouble Bunter. Billy Bunter devoted himself to dinner, with an assiduous devotion; and after the meal, feeling considerably bucked, his spirits rose again.

"I say, you fellows, it's rather early for bed," he remarked. "What about going round Macao and seeing the sights?"

"After dark?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, I'll bet there's a jolly exciting night-life in a place like this," said Bunter, with a fat wink.

"You silly owl!"

"We're on our own," argued Bunter. "That beast, Locke, hasn't got his eye on us now. No need to act as if we were at Greyfriars with old Quelch watching us. Look here, I'll tell you what! I came jolly near winning a big sum at fan-tan. Of course, I was rather new to the game, and a fellow needs experience. But——"

"Ring off!"

"My suggestion is this," said Bunter, blinking at them with owlish seriousness. "You fellows pool your money, and hand it to me in a lump sum——"

"Wise-a-t!"

"And I'll try my luck at fan-tan again, see? You take half the winnings, shared out among you. That's fair."

"And who's to take the losses?"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"If that fat chump doesn't shut up I'm going to kick him," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I'm offering you chaps a chance of making a fortune. You hand your money over to me—yarrroooooogh! If you kick me again, you beast——"

"I'd like a walk round Macao," said Harry. "But I think we'd better stick indoors. That Chinoo is sure to be watching us. We don't want to dig up trouble here."

"I'm not sticking indoors!" hooted Bunter. "You silly frumps, let's go round the town and be jolly. I'm going to—yow-ow-ow-ow! Stop kicking me, you beast!"

The smiling and bowing landlord showed the juniors to their rooms. Billy Bunter followed them up the stairs grunting and grumbling. Fortified by an ample dinner, Bunter was feeling inclined to paint the town red, and to break a bank at fan-tan and keep it up till morning. But as he had not a single copper 'cash' left in his pockets there was no painting Macao red for Bunter.

The only thing left for him was sleep. Fortunately, that was one of Bunter's chief pleasures.

There was plenty of accommodation in the Portuguese hotel; the place did not seem to be doing much business—in which it was like most establishments in the decrepit old city. Tallow candles provided light, and the juniors selected three double-bedded rooms—none of which looked clean. The plump landlord left them to their own devices.

"It's safer to go two to a room," said Harry. "That Portuguese seems a decent sort of chap, except that he wants washing; but anybody could come into the place, and we know we've been watched by one of Tang Wang's men. Fasten your doors, you fellows."

"You bet!"

"Who's going to have Bunter?" grunted Johnny Bull. "Blessed if I want his beastly snore keeping me awake."

"Yah!"

"Toss up for it," said Harry, laughing. "If we put the fat am in a room by himself he may get into some trouble. Somebody's got to keep an eye on him."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Dry up."

A dollar spun in the air decided who was to enjoy Bunter's snore for the night. The disaster fell to Harry Wharton. Then the juniors paired off into their rooms, locking their doors after they were inside.

The beds were neither clean nor well-sired, and the juniors feared that they were already inhabited by small inhabitants; trifles about which Macao was not so particular as Hong Kong. But they had to take their chance, and they were tired, and gladly turned in.

Four of the Co. were soon fast asleep; but sleep did not come so easily to Harry Wharton. A fellow with Bunter within a couple of yards of him was not likely to enjoy belmy slumber. First of all, Bunter persisted in talking. He suggested that the other boats should be left to encase, while he and Wharton went "round the town" together, and a whizzing boot was the answer to that suggestion. But even the boot did not silence Bunter, and he went on talking till the other boot followed. This one landed on Bunter's nose, and there was a fearful howl.

After which, Bunter composed himself to sleep.

Then there was a sound like the surf breaking on a rocky shore, mingled with the rumble of distant thunder. It was William George Bunter snoring.

Bunter's snore was always powerful. It was wont to fill the spacious Remove dormitory at Greyfriars with murmuring sound. Perhaps the excitement of the day and the enormous meal of the evening disturbed Bunter's slumbers a little. At all events, his snore was more terrific than Wharton had ever heard before.

Whizzing boots had stopped Bunter from talking. But there was no method

of stopping his snore. Several times, after getting to sleep, Wharton awoke with an impression that a typhoon had struck Macao, or that an earthquake was rocking China to its foundations, and found that it was only the nasal solo performed by Bunter.

About three o'clock in the morning that gargantuan snore awoke the hapless captain of the Remove for the fourth or fifth time. He turned over and tried to sleep again, but sleep would not come. There was some small things in bed, trifle light as air to the Portuguese, but horribly uncomfortable to one accustomed to English cleanliness. Wharton shuddered and lay sleepless.

Long, leaden minutes passed while he stirred and shifted with discomfort, and listened to Bunter snoring. The whole building was buried in slumber. Long, long minutes, while the hapless junior wooed slumber in vain. And then, softly, came a sound from the door.

Wharton started and listened. His ear was so accustomed to Bunter's snoring by this time that it did not impede the hearing of other sounds. And Wharton, sitting up in bed, and listening with straining ears, heard a hand groping over the outside of the door, and then the faint creaking of a lock.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Fee in the Night I

HARRY WHARTON felt his heart thumping.

He sat silent, with straining ears, in the dense blackness, listening, and he felt the perspiration trickling down his back.

The sound from the door was unmistakable.

It was a faint creaking; it told that the lock was being manipulated from outside.

Obviously it was not some late roysterer who had returned in the small hours and mistaken his room. In that case the handle would have been turned, and finding the door locked, the late-comer would have found out his mistake. Wharton knew that it was not that.

Someone, outside the door, was slowly and carefully working at the lock as silently as he could.

Wharton remembered at once the squat Chinaman who had watched the Greyfriars party in the sun-tan dive.

He had not doubted that the spy had shadowed the party to the Portuguese hotel, and he could not doubt now that it was some agent of the Mandarin Tang Wang who was outside his door.

It was the enemy!

Had his comrades in the two adjoining rooms already been attacked? It was more likely that Wharton's room had been selected for the first attempt, for Bunter's snore told anyone who was at hand, that there was a sound sleeper there.

Wharton threw back the bedclothes

and stepped out quietly on the floor. He dressed himself quickly in the darkness.

It was useless to awaken Bunter. The Owl of the Remove was more likely to be a hindrance than a help.

Wharton's nerves were calm again now. There was a glint in his eyes. He drew back silently, the slatted curtain at the window letting in a gleam of starlight.

His eyes fixed on the door.

It was still shut; the lock had not yet been forced. Faint creaking showed that the man outside was steadily at work.

The junior thought rapidly.

To shout and awaken the whole hotel was his first thought. But it was more than likely that the landlord and his servants slept at too great a distance to hear him. As for the other guests, Wharton was pretty sure that there were no others—unless the squat Chinaman and his associates had taken rooms

He stilled his breathing.

His arm was raised now, the stick ready to descend. The door opened an inch, softly; then another inch. Inch by inch it opened, without a sound; and he waited.

Into the dimness of the room a head was projected from the dark passage outside.

In the pale glimmer of starlight from the window Wharton saw the shaven head and pigtail of a Chinaman.

The man was listening.

Probably Billy Bunter's deep and resonant snore reassured him; for the head was pushed farther into the room and slanting eyes glittered round in the dimness.

That was Wharton's moment.

With all the strength of his arm he brought the heavy stick down, with a terrific crash, on the pigtailed head.

Crash!

Bump!



Mr. Green sat down and tossed Bunter across his brawny knee, face down. Then his heavy hand rose and fell. Spunk! "Ha, ha, ha!" There was a howl of laughter as the fat junior wriggled and writhed and roared.

in the hotel after the juniors had gone to bed, which was probable. A shout would only warn the enemy that he was on his guard.

Neither could an alarm have averted the attack; for the door was of flimsy bamboo, and a hefty shove from without would have burst it open, had the enemy given up caution and taken to violence.

Wharton had no weapon, except a Malacca stick that he had bought in Hong Kong that morning. But it was a thick and heavy stick; and he picked it up, grasping it in a firm hand.

Stick in hand, he placed himself just within the door and waited.

He was quite cool now, and grimly determined. Before long the door would be open; and he was ready for a head when it was put in.

Creak, creak! Click!

It was a flimsy lock, as flimsy as the door which it secured. It gave way at last, and Wharton felt the door move.

The Chinaman fell headlong into the room, knocking the door wide open as he fell.

He lay in a huddled heap just within the room.

Wharton caught his breath, whirling up the stick for a second blow. But it was not needed.

The terrific crash on the head had stunned the Chinaman, and he lay inert at the junior's feet.

Wharton listened, with beating heart. If the man was not alone! But it seemed that he was alone, for there came no sound from the dark passage outside.

For a long, long minute Wharton stood with beating heart and straining ears. But there was no sound, and still the fallen Chinaman lay without motion.

If the man had associates in the building they were evidently not at hand. Relieved on that score, a chill

feeling came over the junior as he looked down at the silent figure at his feet. He had struck hard—as hard as he could—with all the strength of a young and vigorous arm, and the wretch had gone down like a felled ox. But the thought that the blow might have killed him was very uncomfortable.

Wharton groped in his pocket for a matchbox, and struck a match. In the glimmer of the light he recognised the yellow face. It was the face of the squat Chinaman of the fan-tan dive.

He pressed his hand to the man's chest, and was relieved to find that his heart was beating. The Chinaman was only stunned.

The match went out. But before it went out Wharton discerned a thin coiled rope, and a pear-shaped object that was evidently a gag, which the fallen man had dropped as he fell. Obviously, it was kidnapping that had been intended; and had Wharton been fast asleep through the night there was no doubt that he would have fallen helplessly into the hands of the emissary of Tang Wang.

He listened again at the open door in the darkness. There was no sound, and it seemed certain that the Chinaman had been alone in the place. Yet it was certain that he could not have hoped to spirit away even one of the party without aid. So Wharton had no doubt that his friends were not far away. Either they were waiting for him downstairs or outside the building.

Close at hand, however, the coast was clear; and Wharton, leaving the Chinaman where he lay, stepped out into the passage.

He tapped softly at the door of the next room, which was occupied by Bob Cherry and the nabob.

"Bob!" he whispered through the keyhole. "Wake up!"

He tapped again and called a little louder.

"Hallo, hello, hello!" came a drowsy voice. "That you, Wharton?"

"Yes. Get out and come to my room—quick!"

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry did not ask questions; it was no time for them. Wharton passed on to the room occupied by Nugent and Johnny Bull. Frank Nugent awakened at the first light tap.

"Franky!"

"That you, Harry?"

"Yes. Turn out quick, and come along to my room! Not a sound!"

"Won't be a tick."

Wharton returned quietly to his room. The Chinaman still lay like a log where he had been left; but Wharton could hear jerky breathing from him now, and guessed that he was beginning to recover. There was plenty of time to deal with him, however.

The junior uncoiled the rope and bound it tightly round its owner's wrists, knotting it first, and then round his legs, with many knots. In a few minutes the squat Chinaman was a helpless prisoner. Then the junior forced his mouth open and jammed his own gag into it, securing it by the attached string round his head. Then he exerted his strength and dragged the man farther into the room, depositing him in a corner out of the way.

There were light footfalls in the passage, and Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh, Nugent and Johnny Bull, fully dressed, arrived in the doorway. They came quietly in, and Wharton closed the door.

In a few words he told them what had happened. From the bound and gagged Chinaman in the corner came a faint, mumbling sound. He had come to his senses; and his slanting eyes opened and gleamed with almost blood-curdling ferocity at the juniors in the dim room. But he was powerless now, and they gave him little heed.

"If there's any more of them—" whispered Bob.

"The morefulness is a deadly cove!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Wharton nodded.

"There must be others! For all we know, the landlord may be in league with them. I don't think so—but it's possible. Get the beds to the door and barricade it."

"What-ho!"

Wharton's bed was dragged to the door and jammed against it inside. Then Bunter's bed was jammed against that.

Billy Bunter did not awaken; and the Famous Five were only too glad to leave him asleep. Having barricaded the door, they waited and listened. But there came no sound from the silent building; only, through the silence of that night, rumbled the deep snore of Billy Bunter.

Snorerrrrrrrrrr!

THE TANG CHAPTER

An Anxious Night!

THE silence grew oppressive, as minute followed minute. Harry Wharton went to the window, which looked down on the street. Outside, the starlight fell clearly, and it revealed a shadowy group—two Chinamen standing by a rickshaw. Evidently they were waiting—and at that hour of the night it was obvious that they were not ordinary rickshaw coolies waiting for fares. Wharton had no doubt that the rickshaw was there, to convey a kidnapped member of the Greyfriars party. Probably the squat Chinaman had not hoped to get away with more than one prisoner; one, no doubt, was sufficient for the purpose of the Mandarin Tang Wang. The juniors were aware that for them, personally, the Mandarin cared nothing; it was only to exert pressure on Ferrars Locke that he desired to get any of the Greyfriars fellows into his hands.

Bob Cherry joined the captain of the Remore at the window, and peered down at the rickshaw.

"That's for one of us!" he murmured. "Lucky you woke up, Harry! He would have had you."

Wharton smiled faintly.

"I can thank Bunter's snore for that—and the Portuguese Beast!" he said. "I wonder how long those rotters will wait! It's clear that they're waiting for this yellow brute we've got tied up here."

"Let 'em come in as soon as they like—we can handle them," said Bob. "I suppose this brute"—he glanced at the bound, glaring Chinaman in the corner. "I suppose he took a room at the hotel for the night, and arranged for the rickshaw to be on hand. If you hadn't woke up, either you or Bunter would be travelling in that rickshaw now."

The two men in the street were showing signs of impatience, no doubt puzzled that the squat man did not join them.

They stopped away from the building, and stared up at the windows; and muttered together.

Then one of them vanished into the shadow of the porch, leaving the other standing by the rickshaw.

"He's coming in!" breathed Bob. "This brute must have opened some door ready! He's coming."

The Famous Five waited tensely. Cherry and undisturbed, the steady snore of Billy Bunter rumbled on.

Faintly, from the passage without, came the soft, almost inaudible tread of naked feet.

The juniors felt their hearts beating faster. The eyes of the bound Chinaman in the corner gleamed like fire. They saw him making efforts to get rid of the gag; but it was fastened too securely for that. Evidently he also heard that soft patter in the passage.

The pattering steps passed the door. Through the thin partitions, the juniors

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heard a faint sound in the adjoining room. The man was there—looking either for his comrade, or for the juniors—probably getting very much puzzled and perplexed.

The faint footfalls came back to Wharton's door. In tense silence the juniors waited.

Bunter's snore rumbled on.

There was a creak, as the door was tried. The lock no longer held it; and it came open about an inch. Then the bedsteads stopped it.

They heard a deep-drawn breath.

An extremely puzzled Chinaman was listening outside the door. All that he could hear was Bunter snoring.

That snoring probably convinced him that the occupants of the room were asleep. A faint whisper came through the aperture.

The words were Chinese, and the juniors did not understand one of them. But they heard the interrogative tone.

The whisper was repeated. It reached the bound man, and he wriggled almost convulsively in his bonds.

There came a hard and steady pressure on the door. The juniors stood against the bedsteads, holding them in place; and the door came open no farther.

Again came the perplexed, whispering voice.

"Kang! Kang!" came the agitated whisper.

No doubt the name of the bound man was Kang. He was making almost frantic efforts to eject the gag. Silence again.

Faint footfalls receded. As Kang had not answered, and Bunter's snore went on without interruption, the Chinaman had doubtless concluded that his associate was not there. He must have been an extremely puzzled Chinaman as he crept away.

Looking from the window again, Wharton saw him rejoin his comrade in the street. Their heads were bent together in a puzzled consultation.

Wharton could not, of course, hear a word that they were saying, but they looked hopelessly mystified.

He could not suppress a grin. The two Chinamen with the rickshaw must have been under the impression that Kang had vanished into thin air. Quite possibly they supposed that evil spirits, at the orders of the foreign devils, had whisked him away.

At all events they were at a hopeless loss.

They waited, sometimes staring up at the windows, sometimes muttering together—impatient, troubled, and uneasy. The Famous Five waited, too; and Bunter snored. A pale glimmer of silver from the east announced that dawn was creeping in over the China Sea.

One of the rickshaw men crept into the building again. The Famous Five exchanging a grin, listened to his bare foot in the passage, and to the anxious, whispering voice. They were ready for the Chinaman if he attempted to break into the room; but that was not in the man's thoughts. The strange disappearance of Kang had knocked the bottom out of the scheme, and as there came no answer to his anxious whispering, the Chinaman went back to his comrade once more. Early coolies were appearing in the street now; there were sounds and signs of an awakening city.

"They're going!" breathed Bob, peering down from the window.

The two yellow men were starting to wheel the rickshaw away. Now

that daylight was at hand, they could wait no longer for Kang.

The juniors, from the window, watched them disappear round a corner.

"Going—going—gone!" grinned Bob.

Wharton threw aside the slatted curtain, and the light of dawn glimmered in. He turned to the bound Chinese, who was writhing with rage like a tiger in a hunter's net.

"Your friends are gone, Mr. Kang," said Harry.

The slanting eyes rolled. Never had the Greyfriars fellows seen such rage concentrated in a human face. Kang looked, indeed, scarcely human, with

the hotel, and the juniors removed the barricade from the door. Bob Cherry shook Bunter by the shoulder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared, "Time to turn out, Bunter."

Snore!

"Wake up, fathhead!"

"Ow! Moooh! Beast! 'Tain't rising bell! Lemme alone."

"Roll him out," said Harry. "We can't leave him here when we go down. Wake up, Bunter."

Bunter declined to wake up. But when he was rolled out of bed on the floor, he woke up quite suddenly, and roared.

"Beasts! I'm not getting up! It's

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 14.

Into our gallery of celebrities steps William George Goeling, ably portrayed in verse by the Greyfriars Rhymester.



MY Dear Brother Joe in Kentucky—
I ought to have writ you before;

But porters is werry unlucky,
They've dooties and worries galore.
No time for the writing of letters
To folks in a far-away clime,
I feels like a felon in fetters,
A serving a sentence of 'time'!

I rises at six in the morning,
At seven I'm ringing the bell;
The young rips awake at its warning,
It falls on their ears like a knell.
They turns out of bed in submission,
And while they are rubbing their eyes,
They banish me prompt to perdition
For spoiling their beautiful "byes."

I then seize a broom by the handle,
And sweep up the Cloisters and Close;
The litter is really a scandal,
No wonder I'm glum and morose.
Wot with schoolboys a-scattering papers,
And Nature a-shedding her leaves,
And the wanton West Wind at its capers,
I groans, and I grunts, and I grieves.

And then in Big Hall they assemble,
A flogging is due to take place;
The victim is all of a-tremble,
And whiter than chalk is his face.
My dooty it is to upraise him
Upon these pore shoulders of mine;
The fierce-looking birch fairly flays him,
He fancies he'll need a new spine!

I works like a horse up till dinner,
I works like a nigger till ten;
I'm getting much older and thinner—
For hard work and we don't agree!
I'd like to retire on a pension,
And live in some snug little nest,
Far away from the fapers' attention,
And snuggle in comfort and rest!

But hark! The gate-bell is a-clanging,
A noisy crowd waits to come in;
They're ringing and shouting and banging—

"Old Gossy's asleep o'er his g.n!"
The rats will give me no quarter,
So now I must lay down my quill;
Don't never become a school porter—
Your harassed, long-suffering DILL.

his rolling eyes, his twisted features, his mouth foaming over the gag. But his fury did not worry the Greyfriars fellows.

"You can stick here," went on Wharton. "When we let you go, you can go back to the Mandarin Tang Wang and tell him to try again."

"And tell him we don't care twopence for him or his tong, or for a jolly old pair of tongs!" said Bob Cherry.

A mumbling, hissing sound came from the gagged Chinese. His face was not pleasant to look upon, and the juniors turned their backs on him.

A little later, there were sounds of the native servants moving below in

hardly light! Call me again at ten o'clock! Rotters! Lemme alone!"

"If you want to stay here alone with that Chince—"

"Wha a at?"

Bob pointed to Kang. Billy Bunter blinked, and then grabbed his spectacles, jammed them on his fat nose, and blinked again. The glare in Kang's slanting eyes made him jump.

"I—I say, you fellows! How did that beast get here? Is he safe? I say, don't go down without me! I say, I'll be ready in a tick! Stay here, you beasts—wait for me, you rotters! Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter dressed in record time. The Famous Five went downstairs, and Bunter rolled after them; and the emissary of the mandarin was left alone.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER

Beastly For Bunter!

"**B**ONS diaa!" The Portuguese landlord greeted the Greyfriars fellows, when they came down. "You sleep well—sim?"

The juniors smiled. They could not say that they had slept well, in answer to the polite inquiry.

They had doubted a little whether Senhor da Costa, the landlord, might not have been in league with Kang and his associates. But it was clear now that the Portuguese knew nothing of the events of the night.

Harry Wharton proceeded to explain. He did not mention the Mandarin Tang Wang; but merely explained that a Chinese had entered his room during the night, and that the intruder was now safely tied up, upstairs. Senhor da Costa rolled his black eyes, and gesticulated with his dusky hands in indignant astonishment.

"Na verdade! Que vergonha! Esta certo! Isso nao pode ser! Sinto o malito!" He broke into an incomprehensible torrent of Portuguese. "Isso e impossivel! E lastimoso!"

"You can hand him over to the police," said Harry. "Only we don't want to be detained in Macao to charge him! We've got to get back to Hong Kong by the first boat."

Mr. da Costa gesticulated again. "A pomeia. Nao! Nao! It is too trouble, too cost, to deal with the police. Nao, nao! But we will beat him with bamboo, and throw him out, and let him wag the foot! Sim, senhor! That is better."

"Leave him where he is till we are gone, then," said Harry. "We don't want any more trouble with him."

And it was settled that Mr. Kang should remain where he was till the juniors were on board the boat for Hong Kong. After which, he was to be thrashed and kicked out; and to judge by the expression on Mr. da Costa's dusky face, the thrashing would not be a light one. The juniors were more than content to leave it at that; for once the Macao police were mixed up in the affair, they might be detained for days in the Portuguese city.

They breakfasted amidst a cloud of buzzing flies; and as there were still some hours to wait for the boat back to Hong Kong, they walked down to the wharf to wait at the steamer office. Mr. da Costa bowed them out very politely, and expressed a hope of seeing them again in Macao; a hope that was not likely to be realised. As he had charged them double for everything, no doubt he was quite sorry to see them depart.

The juniors were not sorry to get away, however; and even Billy Bunter, when he learned what had happened in the night while he was snoring, was anxious to get away from Macao. His fat thoughts lingered on fan-tan and the fortune he had not made; but even fan-tan lost its attractions now that Bunter had not even a copper "cash" to put on the table.

As they walked down to the wharf, with their eyes well about them, the juniors did not fail to see that a couple of Chinamen loitered in their wake. They were the rickshaw men of the night before, doubtless still in a state of

great puzzlement to know what had become of their leader. They were still hanging about when the juniors reached the steamer office; and during the long wait for the Hong Kong boat the juniors saw them again several times. But in the daylight and the bustling crowds there was nothing that the enemy could do.

When Harry Wharton & Co. went on the steamer at last the two Chinese watched them from the wharf. They were still there when the river steamer glided away from Macao.

"Jolly glad to be off!" remarked Bob Cherry as the steamer throbbed out into the estuary of the Che-kiang. "I think I've had enough of Macao."

"The enoughfulness is terrific."

"What on earth will Mr. Locke say when we get back?" said Nugent. "I hope he will kick Bunter hard."

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"I suppose he must have been very anxious!" said Harry. "But he will see that we couldn't have let that fat idiot go off on his own."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them when we get back to the Silver Star, old fat bean!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter sniffed.

COMPOSE A GREYFRIARS LIMERICK and win a HANDSOME LEATHER POCKET WALLET

like A. Cash, of 13, Waverley Road, Darlaston, Staffs, who has sent in the following winning effort:

When Quelchy sat down on
the heath,
He sat on his seat of false teeth.
He got up with a start,
And cried: "Oh, bless
my heart!
I've bitten myself from
beneath!"

I've got a large stock of prizes
waiting to be won!

"If Locke cuts up rusty I shall jolly soon put him in his place!" he answered. "I'm not taking any lip from a man whose life I've saved. Considering that I faced a horde of savage Chinese to rescue him—"

"Cheese it!"

"If you fellows had lent me some money we might all be going back rich for life!" said Bunter reproachfully.

"The mightfulness is preposterous."

"Still, we're going to Canton with Wun Lung!" remarked Bunter thoughtfully. "There's bound to be plenty of fan-tan at Canton. The question is, who's going to lend me some money?"

"So you're going to play fan-tan again, are you?" demanded Johnny Bull, with a glare at the fat junior.

"Yes, rather! And if you fellows try to chip in, all I can say is — Yaroooooooooop!"

Bunter sat down suddenly on the deck and roared. The Famous Five walked along the deck and left him to roar. They were fed-up with Bunter and fan-tan.

The steamer glided in among the islands, and reached the pier at Hong Kong at last. Mr. Green was waiting there for them, with a sampan ready to take them back to the yacht.

"Oh! Here you are, you young

swabs!" grunted the mate of the Silver Star, as the juniors came off the gangway. "Mr. Locke reckoned you'd get the steamer back, and sent me here to meet you." He glared at Billy Bunter. "If I was Mr. Locke I'd put that young lubber in irons."

"Look here—" began Bunter indignantly.

"Belay your jawing tackle, you fat swab!"

Mr. Green marched off to the waiting sampan, and the juniors followed him, Bunter red and wrathful.

"If that blinking steamer's mate thinks he's going to talk to me like that—" said Bunter.

"Oh, dry up!"

"Beast!"

Bunter took his place sulkily in the sampan. Ferrers Locke was waiting for them when they arrived at the yacht. His face was rather grim. Wun Lung grinned a welcome to his friends.

"Me vally glad you come back allee safe!" he said.

"Safe as houses, old bean!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "I say, Mr. Locke, we're awfully sorry—"

"I do not think you are to blame, from what Mr. Green told me," said Ferrers Locke. "Please tell me exactly what has happened, Wharton! Have you been in any danger in Macao?"

Wharton gave a succinct account. Now that they were back, and Billy Bunter was, so to speak, at the bar of justice, the chums of the Remove were desirous to let him off as lightly as possible. They had yearned to kick Billy Bunter from one end of China to the other, from Tong-king to the Great Wall and back again. But now they put it as gently as possible, to avert wrath from the fat and fatuous Owl.

Bunter, however, did not seem anxious to avert wrath. He was, as usual, completely satisfied with himself and his proceedings. And his opinion was that he was not going to be checked by a blinking steamer's mate and a blinking detective!

"This is the second time you have bolted against orders, Bunter," said Ferrers Locke quietly. "The first time, owing to a happy accident, I had to overlook your conduct. I cannot overlook it now."

"I suppose I can do as I like!" remarked Bunter casually.

"Not at all, while you are in my charge and I am responsible for you. But for Wharton's courage and good fortune, one of you would have been kidnapped in Macao, and would now be in the hands of the Mandarin Tang Wang, in the inland city of Pan-shan by this time—held as a hostage for Wun Lung. This danger was caused by your folly."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Locke!" said Bunter cheerfully. "I was there to protect them, you know. If they'd woke me up, I'd have handled those yellow beasts all right!"

"You do not realise that you have done a great deal of harm by your folly!" asked Locke.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Bunter. "I can take care of myself, and the other fellows—and you, too, if it comes to that. And while I'm on the subject, I may as well say that I don't want any jaw. I prefer not to be criticised."

"You will not have any more jaw, as you call it," said Locke. "Words seem to be wasted on you. Mr. Green, will you kindly deal with Bunter."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Here, I say, hands off! Leggo!" roared Bunter, as the mate of the Silver Star grasped him in a grasp of iron.

Mr. Green did not let go.

He sat down and tossed Bunter across his brawny knee, face down. Then his heavy hand rose and fell.

Spank!

It rang like a pistol-shot through the yacht, and across the waters of Hong Kong Harbour.

Louder still rang the yell of Billy Bunter.

"Yooooooop!"

Spank! Spank! Spank! Spank!

"Yarooogh! Help! Leggo! Rescue! Oh lor! Whoooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Spank! Spank! Spank! Spank!

Mr. Green's heavy hand rose and fell, with a sound like the beating of carpet. Every sounding whack rang on Bunter's tight trousers like a pistol-shot.

Bunter wriggled and roared. He clawed with his fat hands, he kicked up his fat legs wildly. But there was no escape for Bunter. Mr. Green's left hand pinned him down like a vice; and the hefty right hand rose and fell in a series of terrific spanks.

Spank! Spank! Spank!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! Leave off! I won't do it any more!" roared Bunter. "I say, you fellows, stoppin! Drag-gimoff! Yooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The whole crew of the Silver Star stared on at the punishment of Bunter. There was a howl of laughter as the fat junior wriggled and writhed and roared. Bunter had asked for it—in fact, begged for it—and now he was getting it! And he was getting it hard!

A dozen times that heavy hand rose and fell, each time with a resounding spank. Then Ferrers Locke made a sign, and Mr. Green rolled Bunter off his knee.

"A few more, sir?" he suggested.

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"I think that will do!" he said.

Bunter felt that it would do, also! He bolted for the companion the moment he was released, and vanished below. Sounds of lamentation floated up, and for a long, long time Billy Bunter resembled the young man of Nythe who was shaved with a scythe—he did nothing but wriggle and writhe.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Wonderful Mr. Wun!

BANG, bang, bang!
"What the thump—"
Bang, bang!
"My only hat!"

BANG!

It was the following morning, and the chums of the Remove were loafing lazily on the deck of the Silver Star. That day they had learned from Ferrers Locke, Mr. Wun Chung Lung was to



"Up, guards, and at 'em!" roared Bob Cherry. With an automatic in his hand, Ferrers Locke fired at the yelling pirates, while Harry Wharton & Co., grasping anything that came to hand, rushed in and joined him.

arrive to receive his son from the hands of the Baker Street detective. And they were waiting cheerfully for the arrival of the Canton merchant when that sudden outbreak of explosions startled them.

For the moment they wondered whether it was an attack of Chinese pirates. But though there were plenty of pirates up and down the Canton river it was unlikely that such gentry would venture into the well-guarded waters of Hong Kong Harbour. Nevertheless, the roar of sudden explosions was very startling.

The juniors ran to the side. Even Billy Bunter, who was below dealing with a second, or third, breakfast, rolled up on deck in alarm to see what the matter was.

There was a chirrup of glee from Wun Lung.

"Father comey!" he exclaimed.

The Chinese junior's little ivory face was very bright.

"Your father coming?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"He comey plenty quick."

Wun Lung pointed to an enormous boat, as large as any barge, that came floating down under silken sails. It was from that gorgeously-painted and decorated craft that the terrific explosions came. And the juniors realized that the explosions came from fire-crackers, not firearms—crackers such as were used at home on the Fifth of November, but bigger and louder and more deafening.

Fire-crackers play a very important part in Chinese life. A Chinese wedding wakes all the adjacent echoes with exploding crackers. A Chinese welcome, on the grand scale, is as noisy as a Chinese wedding. Mr. Wun was evidently doing this thing in style. Enormous numbers of huge crackers popped and roared, and amidst the cracking and popping came the whir and screech of native musical instru-

ments, played by a band of musicians on the lacquered deck of the great boat.

Harry Wharton & Co. were careful not to stop their ears, which was their natural impulse. Obviously this frightful row was in honour of the English friends who had brought the merchant's son safe home to China, and it was up to them to take it smiling.

"I say, you fellows, is that the pirates?" howled Billy Bunter, blinking out on deck in great alarm.

"You fatter duffee!" exclaimed Wun Lung. "Father belong me comey."

"Oh erikey!" gasped Bunter.

Bang, bang, bang! Pop, pop, pop! Screech, screech, screech!

Ferrers Locke smiled faintly.

"Mr. Wun is coming, my boys," he said. "This is a great honour to us there are very few foreign devils who would receive such a welcome."

"The welcome is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, my ears!" murmured Nugent.

Bang, bang, BANG!

Wun Lung was capering with delight. Evidently he was glad to see his father again, and to hear a truly Chinese welcome home!

Mr. Wun was in sight now, standing on the shining deck of the huge house-boat.

He was a plump gentleman, of very portly form, clad in the flowing brocaded garments of a rich Chinese—no trace of the European about him like so many of the Chinese that the juniors had seen in Hong Kong.

He stood like a statue as the house-boat glided slowly to the yacht, with a fanfare of instruments, a screeching of bells, a thumping of drums, and a banging of gigantic crackers. Behind him stood richly-clad serving-men with trays and bundles, and the juniors wondered what their part in the game was. They learned later that these were the gift-bearers. For Mr. Wun, though not a noble, was an immensely rich Chinese.

and as gorgeous and expensive in his manners and customs as any "girdle-wearer" of the old Manchu Empire.

Bang, bang! Screech! Jingle! Pom, pom, pom! Bang! Crash! "My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "We're seeing China now—real China! I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

"I wish they'd turn on the soft pedal!" murmured Nugent. "I can feel my eardrums going!"

"The bigger the row, the greater the welcome in China!" grinned Bob. "This is some welcome, and no mistake!"

The house boat ranged alongside the anchored yacht. On the smooth waters of the roadstead the two vessels lay side by side, and bumped gently. The Silver Star was a very handsome yacht, but the gorgeousness of the Chinese craft made it look like a coal-boat in comparison. Colour blazed and dazzled from the house-boat. Mr. Wun himself completely outshone Joseph of old, who wore a coat of many colours; Mr. Wun wore many coats of many colours. All his innumerable attendants glowed like butterflies.

The gangway was run across, and Mr. Wun came on board the Silver Star. He came with a rustling and swishing of costly silks.

The juniors naturally expected him to greet the son from whom he had been separated so long. But Mr. Wun was a Chinese gentleman, the politest kind of man in the world. His attention was wholly bestowed on Ferrers Locke. He kow-towed three times before the Baker Street detective, each time almost touching the deck with his nose. He solemnly shook one hand with the other hand in greeting. Ferrers Locke, with equal solemnity, shook his own hand in acknowledgment. Had Mr. Wun been an "advanced" Chinese Locke would have shaken hands with him in the Western way; but Mr. Wun was not at all advanced, and Locke fell in with the Chinese custom. Physical contact of any kind is considered disgusting by Chinamen, and a Chinese gentleman of the old school would no more grasp his friend's hand than he would tweak his nose.

Having got through the ceremony of kow-towing, Mr. Wun addressed Locke in flowing Chinese.

Locke, in Chinese eyes, was of course only a foreign devil, infinitely inferior to a Chinaman. But he was a friend of Mr. Wun, and he had brought Mr. Wun's son safe across half the world, defeating all attempts on his life. So he was a man whom Mr. Wun delighted to honour.

For a steady ten minutes Mr. Wun addressed him, for the Chinese, especially in matters of politeness, are a long-winded race. Harry Wharton & Co. listened without understanding a word. They did not know that Mr. Wun was comparing Ferrers Locke to the stars in the sky for beauty, to all the Chinese gods for wisdom, to the serpent for cunning, and to the lion for courage, and wishing him a life extending over a thousand years, with five hundred wives and ten thousand sons.

All of which Locke acknowledged with bends of the head; as it was practically impossible to kow-tow in trousers, and as he would have offended Mr. Wun very much by shaking hands with him.

The oration being at an end, Locke turned to Wun Lung, and led him towards his father. Hitherto, the polite gentleman had seemed unconscious of his son's existence, though he must have seen him; and Wun Lung made no sign.

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The greeting between a Chinese father and son was rather interesting for the juniors to watch. They did not, of course, shake hands. Wun Lung kow-towed at the feet of Wun Chung Lung, tapping his forehead on the deck of the Silver Star. He remained at his father's feet, till he was graciously commanded to rise.

Then he was commanded to present his friends. And Mr. Wun broke into English as he addressed the juniors.

"How shall I thank you for your kind friendship for this loathsome son of a poor worm?" he said. "The father of Wun Lung crawls at your feet and begs you forgive his insolence in approaching your honourable and heaven-like persons!"

"Jolly glad to meet you, Mr. Wun," said Bob Cherry, wondering whether politeness required him to describe himself as a loathsome worm crawling at Mr. Wun's feet.

"Wun Lung's a great friend of ours, at school," said Harry. "We're very honoured to meet his father."

"This condescension overwhelms this poor and miserable worm with confusion," said Mr. Wun; not, however, looking at all overwhelmed or confused. "May this wretched person dare to beg your graciousness to accept a few miserable and poverty-stricken presents that he has brought from his desolate hovel at Canton?"

This was the signal for the gift-bearers to weigh in.

The richly attired serving-men paraded solemnly on board the Silver Star, and bending low, presented trays and packets containing presents to Ferrers Locke, and to each member of the famous five.

Bunter did not come on in this scene. Either Mr. Wun was not aware that he was a member of the party, or else he had not been described as a friend by Wun Lung; moreover, the Chinese junior had not presented the Owl to his father. Billy Bunter blinked on at the scene through his big spectacles, and sniffed.

"Your condescension in accepting these few miserable presents would overwhelm me with humble joy!" said Mr. Wun, with a deep bow.

The juniors looked to Ferrers Locke for guidance. The gifts were beautiful things, obviously of great value; ornaments of bronze and jade, curiously wrought daggers, carved ivory figures, singing birds in gilded cages, lacquered jars of tobacco, scented boxes of polished wood, all sorts of strange and beautiful things. Locke made a sign of assent; it would have been a terrible hurt to the Chinese gentleman to refuse his gifts, though the juniors felt awkward about accepting things that had plainly cost a large sum of money.

So the gifts were accepted, and Mr. Wun thanked for them; at which he professed to be covered with confusion at their gracious condescension in accepting a few miserable things from a humble worm!

This might have been supposed to have been the end of the ceremony, but there was still a great deal of talk to be got through, in English and Chinese, and it finally proved that the meeting and greeting had occupied an hour and a half! Little regard is paid to time in China; and in matters of politeness a Chinese fairly lets himself go. Indeed, the juniors began to wonder whether it would ever end at all, or whether they were booked to watch and listen to Mr. Wun for the rest of their natural lives!

However, all things end, even in China, and it was over at last!

Quarters had been arranged on the house-boat for Locke and the Greyfriars party, to convey them up to Canton with Wun Lung, for Mr. Wun would not dream of parting with them till they had condescended to taste of his hospitality at his own home. And the Co. wanted to see Wun Lung safe within the walls of his father's house before they left him. The juniors had their bags ready packed, and their belongings were transferred to the Chinese boat. Bunter had no baggage—it was his delightful way to bag what he wanted from the other fellows' baggage. He rolled across the gangway sniffing. The most important person on board the yacht had received the least attention; and Bunter confided to Bob Cherry in a whisper that he had a jolly good mind not to go along with a gang of dashed heathens at all. Bob heartily agreed that Bunter would do well to remain on the Silver Star at Hong Kong while the party went up the river to Canton, and, indeed, declared that it would be a kind action on his part! Whereupon Bunter snorted, and rolled on to the house-boat. Bunter was not going to be left out, not if Bunter knew it.

When the party and their baggage were duly embarked, the house-boat cast off from the yacht, the silken sails were spread, and with a blast of trumpets, a clanging of bells, and a terrific banging of crackers, Harry Wharton and Co. started for the interior of China.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

River Pirates!

"FAIRY-LAND!" said Bob Cherry. It really seemed like it. Night had fallen on the Canton river. Dusky skies loomed shadowy over the slowly gliding house-boat on the broad bosom of the river. Hundreds, if not thousands, of Chinese lanterns hung about the boat; a lantern, red or green or blue, strangely shaped, hanging wherever a lantern could hang.

The advanced Chinese use hideous American kerosene lamps. Mr. Wun kept to the native lanterns. Of all shapes and colours, they gleamed and glimmered over the gliding boat, mirrored in the dusky waters that flowed by. Crackers and drums were silent now; but a lute sent sweet strains into the starry night.

It seemed like fairy-land to the Greyfriars fellows. Even Bunter blinked round him with appreciation. Lights glimmered afar on the distant banks of the great river. Shadowy junks and sampans glided by in the gloom.

"Jolly peaceful, isn't it?" yawned Johnny Bull, stretched at ease on a pile of down cushions on the lacquered deck.

"The peacefulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jameet Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Feeling poetical, Bunter?"

"Eh! I was just wondering what was in those little bowls they offered us for supper. It looked jolly nice, but I—"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"They were jolly nice, according to the Chinese," he said. "They're no end of a delicacy here."

"What were they?"

"Scallie fed on roses."

"Groooogh!"

Billy Bunter did not feel thankful. But he felt deeply thankful now that he had resisted those delicacies.

(Continued on page 25.)

THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

INTRODUCTION ON PAGE 263



Dr. Zolhoff suddenly halted—rigid, motionless, staring with dilated eyes, for standing in the centre of the room was the slim, grey-aid form of Guido von Sturm!

Towards Berlin.

PETROL!" said Guy tersely to one of the mechanics who came running towards the machine. "Yes, Herr Leutnant," replied the man. "I will inform the duty officer."

Guy nodded. He knew that the signing of the duty officer's chit for fuel was a formality which could not be evaded.

Unter-Offizier Utroff, duty officer of the day, came bustling up.

"Where are you from?" he demanded. "Saarbrücken," replied Guy, with an inward smile at the grim irony of the words. "I am flying on urgent mission to Berlin!"

Unter-Offizier Utroff grunted and produced a fuel chit for Guy to sign. It was none of his business, this mission on which the boy was flying.

In these grey days of war machines came and machines went on business which was no affair of a humble unter-offizier.

"And you will strap me a drum of petrol on the bottom of the fuselage above the undercarriage," said Guy curtly. "There are few aerodromes on

a direct line from here to Berlin and I do not wish to have to go out of my way to find one!"

"Very good, Herr Leutnant!" replied Utroff and, turning to the mechanics, gave the necessary order.

"Hurry, please!" rapped Guy.

A few minutes later he was in the air again flying north-east and climbing steeply. He was heading now for Berlin and as he flew on he planned out his course of action.

The compass course he was following would take him over the thickly-wooded district of the Thuringian Forest which lay south of Erfurt and Cassel.

There were clearings there in one of which he would land; taking off again and pushing on to Berlin after dusk. That was, of course, provided he was not apprehended during the daylight hours.

Climbing steadily, he reached an altitude of seventeen thousand feet and it was from that height that, towards mid-morning, he glided down with engine ticking over and landed in a lonely and isolated part of the Thuringian Forest.

He came to earth in a clearing almost an acre in extent; dropping the machine

HONOURS LIST.

For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty—Major Guy Tempest . . . the Victoria Cross.

in a pancake landing after side-slipping in from three hundred feet

And there he spent the day with the machine drawn in close to a thick clump of bushes. With the dusk, and the passing of any likelihood of discovery before dawn, he snatched a brief hour's sleep.

Darkness had come when he awakened and not a sound disturbed the stillness of the quiet countryside. Unstrapping the drum of petrol he placed it near the bushes. Then switching on he swung the propeller and clambered up into the cockpit.

As he opened up the throttle, the drone of the quietly running engine rose to a deep, reverberating roar and the little Silberkugel scout commenced to move forward.

With rapidly increasing impetus, it swept across the clearing and soared up into the night sky in a steep upward climb. It circled once, then headed away towards Berlin, climbing as it went.

The Return!

MIDNIGHT of that fateful night found Dr. Zolhoff in his house in the Gartenstrasse, a quiet residential suburb of Berlin.

"I tell you no doubt whatsoever exists in my mind," Zolhoff paused in his restless pacing of the floor to rap the words at the seated Raschen. "Guido von Sturm has returned to Germany!"

"But why—but why?" exclaimed Raschen petulantly. "The thing is incredible! If the suspicions of Orwart, Karimann, and Nurren that he has returned are correct, Von Sturm must be mad!"

Zolhoff's thin lips twitched into a fleeting, mirthless smile.

"Not so mad as you might think, Raschen," he said. "Before his trial in the Graustrasse Barracks, Von Sturm had many friends in Germany. It is possible that the fool thinks that he can still rely on some of those friends to afford him sanctuary."

He laughed softly.

"Schwein und blut!" he exclaimed. "But that was a devilish clever move on the part of Pedler Zor!"

Turning, he crossed to the heavy iron safe which stood against the wall. Swinging back the door, he took a long, thin envelope from one of the shelves, and, with it, returned to his desk.

"See," he said, "here is the report sent through in wireless code from Lo Courban by Hans Offer. I will refresh your memory with it. Then you will understand more clearly why Von Sturm has returned to Germany."

Withdrawing a flimsy sheet of paper from the envelope, he unfolded it and commenced to read in harsh, grating tones the decoded report received that morning by the German Intelligence Bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse from

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Hans Offer, their spy behind the British lines at Le Courban.

"Report from No. 31.

"To the German Intelligence Bureau.

"I regret to report that Pedlar Zor has failed in the mission which brought him to Le Courban—the assassination of the traitor, Guido von Sturm (now Major Guy Tempest, of the British Air Force).

"I also regret to report that Pedlar Zor is himself dead. He was shot whilst endeavouring to escape from the British camp.

"He did not totally fail in his mission, however, for before being killed he claimed Von Sturm as a colleague in the pay of the Fatherland. To escape arrest as a German spy, Von Sturm commandeered an aeroplane and fled from Le Courban.

"Orders issued from British Wing Headquarters at Le Courban are to the effect that Von Sturm is to be arrested the instant he is found, with a view to being tried as a German spy."

Zolhoff laid down the paper.

"There," he said, triumphantly turning to Raschen, "you see now, do you not, why this dog, Von Sturm, has returned to Germany? There is no safety for him in France."

"But there is less in Germany!" protested General Raschen.

"Exactly," agreed Zolhoff, "unless—as I have said—he can find among his former friends someone who will hide him."

Raschen shook his head.

"I cannot think," he said slowly and heavily, "that that is why Von Sturm has returned to Germany."

"Then why has he returned?" demanded Zolhoff angrily. "Tell me that—why has he returned?"

"I cannot say," responded Raschen. "But if, as is suspected, it was Von Sturm who attacked the Albatrosses over Saarbrücken this morning, he can scarcely have come to Germany seeking sanctuary. The attack on those machines this morning was the act of a bitter enemy of the Fatherland!"

Zolhoff was silent. There was logic here which he could not answer.

"Anyway," he blazed, "it will be but a matter of hours before we capture him. Everywhere in Germany he is being sought. The finest brains of our Secret Service are engaged in finding him. And this time he will not escape!"

"Fervently one hopes not," said General Raschen earnestly, then added: "If it was he who was piloting the Silberkugel scout which landed at No. 4 School of Aerial Fighting this morning, he is making towards Berlin. He told the duty officer so."

"Bluff!" snarled Zolhoff. "Pure bluff! Would you—or anyone in their senses—state where you were going under such circumstances? Of course not! The thing is ridiculous!"

With a brusque movement, he pushed back his chair and, rising to his feet, recommenced his pacing of the floor, hands clasping and unclasping behind his back.

"We have not yet discovered the paper which he stole from this room," he burst out. "In spite of the most rigorous search, we have failed to locate it. And I tell you, Raschen, until that paper bearing details of our espionage service in Britain is once again in my hands, I shall know no peace of mind."

"Strange," said Raschen reflectively, "that the clue he gave you in the death cell of the Graustrasse has proved so valueless."

"Clue?" snarled Zolhoff. "It was no clue! The dog was hoodwinking me—laughing at me! Blitzen und blut! Could I but meet that traitor face to face once more—"

He broke off, leaving the words unfinished. But there was a cruelty in his blazing eyes, a grim suggestiveness in his clenching hands, which told how deep was his hatred of Guido von Sturm.

For some little time longer they talked; not of Von Sturm, but of the latest communiques from the Western Front.

Peronne had been evacuated. Unable to withstand a vigorous offensive launched by British troops and supported by tanks and heavy artillery, the field-grey soldiers of Germany had fallen back.

From dawn till sunset German "trench-strafting" machines had fought desperately in the air to relieve their hard-pressed infantry.

But to little avail. Steadily, remorselessly, the advancing line of British bayonets had driven the Germans back, and now Peronne was in Allied hands.

"It is a serious loss for us," commented General Raschen dully. "And our casualties have been heavy."

"Pah! What does it matter?" exclaimed Zolhoff impatiently. "Be-

cause we lose a few metres of ground and a few hundred men we are not defeated. The winter is coming, and until it passes we shall be content to hold what we have gained. You know what is afoot—the preparations which are being made. In the spring of the coming year we shall commence to advance, a rested and reconditioned army. And we shall not halt until we have swept the British and the French back into the sea!"

The man's blatant confidence in the ultimate victory of the field-grey hordes raised the spirits of General Raschen.

"Yes," he said; "in the end we must prevail!"

"We shall prevail!" cried Zolhoff. "For forty years we have prepared for war, and Germany will emerge as master of the world! Our armies do not know—and never will know—the word 'defeat'!"

A few minutes later, heartened in mind, General Raschen rose to take his departure. Zolhoff accompanied him along the dimly illuminated hallway to the front door.

"Good-night, Raschen," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good-night, Herr Doktor," replied

the general. "I will let you know immediately if any news is received at the Wilhelmstrasse as to the whereabouts of Von Sturm."

"Do!" assented Zolhoff. Then added gratingly: "There is only one thing I ask of fate, Raschen, and that is to be permitted to meet Guido von Sturm face to face just once again."

The general nodded.

"I understand," he said quietly.

Turning away, he entered his waiting car, and, closing the front door, Zolhoff slowly retraced his steps along the hallway in the direction of the library.

Yes, if only he could meet Von Sturm face to face again! Never in the whole course of his life had he hated anyone as he hated that British boy whom he had tried to make a German.

"God grant we meet!" he whispered, his hands clenching convulsively; and never had been uttered prayer with more murderous thoughts behind it.

Reaching the door of the library, he opened it and stepped briskly across the threshold into the room.

Then suddenly, with a sharp intake of breath, he halted, rigid, motionless—staring with dilated eyes, for standing in the centre of the room, by the desk, was the slim, grey-clad form of Guido von Sturm!

The Last Meeting I

"YOU!"

The hoarse, incredulous word came from Zolhoff's lips in almost a whisper.

"Yes, I, Herr Doktor," replied the boy. "And you will observe I have you covered."

The blue-black barrel of the automatic in his hand was pointed menacingly towards Zolhoff.

"Kindly be seated," he went on, and his voice was entirely cool and unruffled. "There are one or two things I wish to say to you."

He motioned towards a chair. But Zolhoff ignored the gesture.

"How—how do you come to be here?" he blazed. "Here, in this room?"

"I entered through the window," explained Guy, indicating the heavily-curtained french windows which opened on to the garden. "But be seated—please!"

There was a sharp imperiousness in his tone which gave token of how supremely master of the situation he felt himself.

But Zolhoff made no move. The first shock of this undreamt of meeting was passing, and rapidly the man was regaining control of himself.

"You madman!" he burst out. "You suicidal fool. Do you think you can come in here as you will? Do you think you can walk in and out again—"

"I do!" cut in the boy. "And I will give you just five seconds, Herr Doktor, in which to be seated. If you continue to be stubborn I shall shoot you where you stand!"

There was a deadly earnestness in the words which was not lost on Zolhoff. For an instant he hesitated, his glaring eyes on the stern features of the boy. Then with slow and heavy tread he crossed the floor and slumped into a chair.

"You are wise," commented Guy grimly. "And I think it may facilitate our conversation if you thoroughly understand that at the first hostile move on your part I shall kill you with as little compunction as I would kill a rat."

THE OPENING CHAPTER.

Having forced the truth from Dr. Zolhoff, his guardian, that he is of British birth, Guy Tempest, hitherto known as Guido von Sturm, Germany's most brilliant aviator, reaches the British lines with a paper containing information of the most vital importance to England. Swearing allegiance to England, Guy is given a commission in the British Royal Air Force. Fearing the consequences, Dr. Zolhoff, who is chief of the German Secret Service, orders Pedlar Zor, a famous German spy, to get rid of Guy. The spy fails in his mission, however, but succeeds in claiming Guy as a colleague in the pay of the Fatherland. To escape arrest as a German spy, Guy commandeers an aeroplane and flies over the German lines. After encountering a squadron of Hun planes and accounting for five of them the young aviator is forced to land at a German air base owing to shortage of petrol.

(Now read on.)

So you can dismiss any idea you might have of attempting to attack me or shouting for help!"

Keeping the seated man covered, he backed to the door, and quietly closing it, turned the key in the lock.

"In the first place," continued Guy, retracing his steps towards the desk, "I intend to take possession of my Iron Cross which you took from me in the Graustrasse barracks. Where is it? What have you done with it?"

"It is there—in that pigeon-hole in my desk," answered Zolhoff hoarsely.

"Thank you!" nodded Guy. "I suppose," he went on, picking up the small, plush-lined case, "that it has lain here since the night you took it from me?"

"Yes."

The boy snapped open the case, disclosing the Iron Cross inside. Glancing at it he turned amused eyes on Zolhoff.

"You have never troubled to examine this medal?" he asked.

Zolhoff stared at him in momentary wonderment.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Why should I?"

"Why should you?" oohed Guy. "There was every reason, Herr Doktor." He shook his head in mock sadness. "Alas!" he went on, "I begin to feel that you are losing that keen perception—those brilliant powers of deduction—which have made you Chief of the German Secret Service."

"What do you mean, curse you?"

"I mean this," replied Guy. "That night in the death cell of the Graustrasse barracks I gave you a clue as to the whereabouts of the paper bearing the details of your espionage service in England. The clue read, I believe, 'I see—the missing paper'."

"It did!" assented Zolhoff hoarsely.

"But it was no clue—it meant nothing!"

"You are wrong!" interposed Guy.

"It meant everything!"

Still keeping Zolhoff covered with the gun in his right hand, he laid the Iron Cross on the desk and drew towards him a sheet of paper. Then picking up a pencil he scribbled a few words.

"Look, Herr Doktor," he invited. "The reading of the clue."

He thrust the paper towards Zolhoff. With furious eyes the man read:

"I see—the missing paper."

"I. C.—the missing paper."

"Iron Cross—the missing paper."

For a long moment Zolhoff studied the scribbled words.

"But I do not understand," he said harshly.

"Do you not?" laughed Guy. "Yet it is very simple. Listen, Herr Doktor. As you know, it is a common enough procedure for an officer flying over enemy country—or fighting in the line—to carry concealed on his person a microscopic compass and a map. Either might prove invaluable to him in the event of his being taken prisoner and escaping."

"I am aware of that," snarled Zolhoff. "But what has it got to do with your Iron Cross and the paper you stole from this room?"

"Just this," replied Guy. "Whilst flying in the service of Germany I always carried with me this Iron Cross, knowing that in the event of my capture I would be allowed to retain it. But it is not the Iron Cross which was presented to me by your Emperor. It is a fake. The embossed circular centre portion is hollow, and in it I carried a small silk map of France. The night I took the espionage paper from this room I removed the map from the Iron Cross and placed the paper there in its stead."

Again he laughed.

"And it has been there all this time," he went on. "Lying under your nose, Herr Doktor, whilst the finest brains of your Secret Service have been frantically searching Germany for it!"

Zolhoff never moved. But his eyes were blazing and the blood was pounding madly in his temples.

Donner und blut! What a fool this cursed treacherous whelp had made of him. If news of this ever got noised abroad he would be ruined—a laughing stock. Gott in Himmel! How his fingers itched to feel themselves clutching around the neck of this British boy who had beaten him at every turn. What would he not give to have the pleasure of choking the life out of the English pig?

"Steady!" the harsh voice of the boy cut in warningly on Zolhoff's black and furious thoughts. "If you attempt

He broke off as, with a snarl, the goaded, frenzied Zolhoff hurled himself forward. The tigerish ferocity of the attack took the boy momentarily unawares, and Zolhoff was on him, grappling desperately for the gun, his face a mask of livid fury.

Locked together man and boy reeled against the desk.

Bang!

The gun exploded, fired by Zolhoff's clutching fingers inadvertently tightening on the trigger. With a gasping sob the man swayed back, staggered a pace, then crashed forward to lie a huddled, lifeless heap on the floor.

And thus he was found a few minutes later by his scared manservant, who, roused from his bed by the sound of the shot, broke in the door of the library.

The french windows which led into

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STARTS NEXT WEEK!

to move out of that chair I shall shoot you between the eyes!"

"You—you—" choked Zolhoff.

Then the hatred, the ungovernable berserk passion which was shaking the man, found sudden vent in a foul torrent of abuse.

"And this," there was undisguised elation in Guy Tempest's voice as he picked up the report of Hans Offer which Zolhoff had read to General Raschen earlier that night, "is the other thing I came to Germany to seek. Proof that I am no creature in your pay, Zolhoff, you rat! Proof that Pedlar Zor lied when he claimed me as his comrade and colleague. When I place this report and your espionage paper in British hands, Zolhoff, they'll know that I'm no Boche at heart. They'll let me ride the skies against your Fokkers. You thought I could fight when I was Von Sturm. I'll show you how Guy Tempest can fight, you rat—"

the garden were open. And as the manservant raised his head and stared fearfully towards them, there came from the wide, darkened lawn beyond the rose-bushes, the sudden, shattering roar of a powerful aero engine.

It grew in volume, then, as the machine took off, died slowly away, higher and higher in the night sky.

In the "London Gazette" a week later appeared the following:

"Tempest—Major Guy; British Royal Air Force. For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty, the Victoria Cross.

"Major Tempest, single-handed, attacked a formation of ten Albatross machines over Saarbrücken, and was successful in shooting down five before running out of ammunition."

THE END.

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GREYFRIARS CHUMS IN CHINA!

(Continued from page 24.)

"Peaceful, and no mistake!" said Harry Wharton, sitting up on his cushions, and glancing across the dusky river. "Who'd imagine that there was a war going on in China, and that this river is famous for its pirates? We shall—"

Wharton was interrupted.

There was a sudden bump as a shadowy sampan glided out of the night and touched the hull of the house-boat. A sudden, ringing yell, a burst of firing, a swarming of yellow faces and gleaming, curved swords in the lantern-light.

A moment ago perfect peace had seemed to reign—while the river pirates were creeping on their prey. Now pandemonium broke loose, with a suddenness that was startling to the Greyfriars fellows.

Bang! Crack! Yell! Shriek!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Up guards, and at 'em!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Yarcoogh!" Billy Bunter vanished like a ghost at cock-crow.

Crack, crack, crack! Ferrers Locke had been seated, talking apart with Mr. Wun in Chinese, with quiet gravity. But he was evidently prepared for what might happen at any moment on a Chinese river, for now he was standing with an automatic in either hand, pitching bullets at the yellow pirates who swarmed yelling over the side.

Harry Wharton & Co. grasping any thing that came to hand to use as a weapon, rushed to join Locke.

Mr. Wun, with a huge curved sword in his hand, was well to the fore. His silken petticoats did not seem to impair his activity. And the numerous crew of the house-boat were plainly prepared for such attacks, for swords and spears and firearms appeared in their hands as if by magic, and they rushed to meet the swarming pirates.

Crack, crack, crack, rang the automatics, and Ferrers Locke did not waste a shot. Yelling yellow ruffians rolled back into the sampan, or splashed into the river under his deadly shooting. A black-browed, black-moustached ruffian came sweeping across the deck with a huge sword that he wielded with both hands, and two of Mr. Wun's serving-men went down under his terrible slashes, right and left. Ferrers Locke fired his muzzle almost in the pirate's face, and the Chinaman went staggering back, shot through the brain, and his gigantic sword clanged on the deck.

Wild yells, stamping of feet, clashing of steel, ringing of shots—shrieks and groans and splashes!

"They're running!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah!"

The stout resistance, and the fall of their chief, sent the river-pirates scuttling back to the sampan—what was left of them. With fierce cries, the Chinese crew crowded to the side after them, cutting and slashing at the pirates as they went, and man after man fell into the river and disappeared.

The sampan shoved off hastily, and guns and pistols from the house-boat pitched lead into it till it vanished in the night.

Mr. Wun, perfectly cool and calm, handed his sword to a servant to be wiped clean. It needed it! The juniors had seen three pirates fall under that sword, and not one of them stirred again.

The sampan vanished, in a chorus of yells and howls and shrieks, and Mr. Wun calmly directed his attendants to throw the pirates who had fallen on board, into the river. The juniors turned their heads while that was done.

Then the deck was mopped clean; lanterns that had been knocked over were re-lighted; the house-boat glided gently on under the stars, and the strains of the lute were heard again.

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry.

wiping the perspiration from his face, as the juniors sat down again on their heap of cushions. "We were just saying how peaceful it was—"

"The peacefulness, on second thoughts, is not terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I don't think I shall trust Chinese peacefulness again!" murmured Nugent. "It's rather too exciting."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You're too late for the scrap, Bunter."

"Are they—are they gone?"

"The gonefulness is terrific."

"I—I went to look for a—a weapon, you know! Rather rotten for it all to be over before I got back!" said Bunter.

"You were bound to miss it," answered Bob. "I'm sure you'd never have found that jolly old weapon till it was over."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

The juniors glanced at Mr. Wun Chung Lung. He was sitting up, the lantern-light conversing gravely with Ferrers Locke with an emotionless face, as if nothing out of the common had occurred. Evidently a night attack by river pirates was merely an incident, too trivial to disturb the serenity of the Chinese gentlemen. The chums of Greyfriars were not able to take it quite so calmly, and their glances roved continually into the dusky shadows of the river as the house-boat glided on up the Che-kiang.

Billy Bunter's eyes could not rest behind his big spectacles. To Bunter, the shadows were peopled with pirates, and it was a very late hour that night before Bunter's snore awoke the echoes of Kwang-tung.

THE END.

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